THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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IN BANTRY BAY.

How the Fate of Ireland Hung Upon the Temper of the Elements, When a French Fleet and Army Came to Her Rescue in Christmas Week, 1796.

Reflections of an English Writer on the Narrow Escape His Country Had From Losing Ireland Forever —A Thrilling Story.

Through all the long period of the great struggle with France, occupying as it did a space of twenty-two years, in which there was only one short and insignificant break of peace, there was, perhaps, no year in which England stood in deadlier peril than in 1796. A century has passed; the incidents of an expedition which miscarried have been forgotten; and in English histories a line dismisses events fraught with warning. We may, then, be permitted to recount the story of Hoche's attempted invasion of Ireland, and to apply its moral to our own times.

It was in July, 1796, that at the solicitation of the Irish refugees in Paris the French Directorate decided to attempt the overthrow of the English power in Ireland. It was well aware of the great discontent of the United Irishmen, who then could muster 267,000 men, with a fair supply of arms and munitions of war. The Republican leanings of this organization were quite understood, and the Directorate, as there was so much loose powder spread in the open, was of opinion that a spark from France would cause the explosion. A fleet of fifteen battleships was commissioned and prepared for the attempt, under Villaret-Joyeuse, at Brest. Gen. Hoche, who had at his disposal nearly 100,000 men, stationed in Brittany and La Vendee, was selected to command the landing force, which was to consist of 15,000 men. Of all the French generals at that time, Bonaparte not excepted, he was at once the most distinguished and the ablest. "He was," said his great rival, when an exile at St. Helena, "one of the finest generals that France ever produced. He was brave, intelligent, abounding in talent, decisive and penetrating. He had pacified La Vendee, and was well adapted for Ireland." Burning to win fresh laurels, and hating England as a good Republican felt bound to hate a nest of aristocrats, his whole heart was in the attempt, which, he flattered himself, would avenge for all time the countless affronts of England to France.

But to cross the sea the intervention of the French navy was necessary. That force was then at its nadir of disorganization and inefficiency. It had neither admirals, nor sailors, nor seaworthy ships. Emigration and proscription had removed the most capable officers. Aristocrats could not be trusted by the red republicans, and, unfortunately, the old corps of officers were aristocrats to a man. They had been replaced by tyros, who had bravery and patriotism, but neither capacity nor experience. Men of character would not endure the countless impertinences of revolutionary crews, and so the new personnel wanted determination and resolve. The navy had lost thirty-three battleships to England in two years, and had by degrees come to distrust itself. There was no eagerness to meet the redoubtable enemy when each encounter brought invariable defeat. "Our detestable navy," wrote Hoche, "cannot and will not do anything. . . . It has no zeal." And Bruix, himself an admiral of some little distinction, confessed that there was no heroic resolution about it.

The naval officers were full of apprehension as to the expedition, and they interposed countless delays. They were slack in manning the ships; they complained with absolute truth that the ships were in very bad condition; and they adopted a course very similar to that of Persano in later years, always asking for something and waiting for something which they could not get. Villaret was, indeed, deposed and replaced by Admiral Morand de Galles, but this did not mend matters. The Armada, which should have sailed early in the autumn of 1796, did not take the sea till the middle of December. Meantime a great combination was planned, as the ill-fated Villeneuve was summoned from Toulon with five ships, and Richery with seven was expected back from a cruise in the North Atlantic. Villeneuve never arrived, but on Dec. 11 Richery entered Brest. Of his ships only two proved fit for a voyage across the Channel, and they needed some slight repairs, which again involved delay.

And where in this was the all-powerful English fleet? The English government knew that a great force, both military and naval, was assembled at Brest. It knew that an expeditionary force was preparing to leave under Hoche, and if its secret agents had been of any capacity, it must have known that the destination was Ireland. Portugal, it is true, was talked of in Paris, to throw us off the scent, but it was obviously most unlikely that the French would strike there. At any rate we should have expected the closest watch to be kept in Brest by the strongest fleet which we could send to sea. We should have looked to find admiralty and admirals concentrating their whole attention upon the point which was now the decisive point, or might quickly become such. Instead, a British squadron of only fifteen ships of the line and three frigates was cruising off Brest. They made no attempt to keep close in to the port; they were too strong to observe and far too weak to blockade. Their work was done negligently and inefficiently, because there was an admiral of no great capacity and determination in command. Another fifteen ships of the line were lying comfortably at Spithead, instead of facing the winds and sea of the Breton coast. This was, in fact, the policy of "observation," to which, be it noted, the British fleet may in its next war be reduced, for want of strength. The results on this occasion do not encourage any belief in that policy except as a last resource.

The French fleet, with fifteen ships of the line, fourteen frigates and fourteen smaller craft, conveying 13,400 soldiers, put to sea on Dec. 15. The English fleet was out of sight, though had it been close at hand it would probably have made short work of the enemy, as the French were mortally afraid of it. Unfortunately, we had not a Nelson or a Jervis at its head. Of the two channels which led from Brest to the open water, that between the Pointe du Raz and the Chaussee de Sein had been chosen by the French admiral. Through this boils a terrible sea, while the reefs and currents make the passage one of great difficulty. So, when the French admiral had cleared the harbor, and saw that the English battleships were out of sight, he changed his mind, and signalled to that effect. The night was falling, and an English frigate, under Sir Edward Pellew, was busy spoiling his signals, which were not generally understood. Several French ships attempted the Passage du Raz, and of these one struck on a reef and was lost with nearly all her crew. Such was the inauspicious beginning.

At the very outset of the expedition its forces were divided. The weather was stormy and thick, and on Dec. 17 there were only seventeen of the forty-five ships in company. Hoche and Morard de Galles, the two commanders, were on board a frigate which had disappeared for the nonce. Rear-Admiral Bouvet, by right of seniority, succeeded to the naval command, while General Grouchy was now the chief of the land forces. Sealed orders to Bouvet directed him to repair to Mizen Head, where he was joined by his other ships of the line. But the fogs, which are so common on this part of the Irish coast, hid from him the vessel carrying Hoche, and, with Hoche, the fate of Ireland. He sailed to Bantry Bay and entered that splendid harbor with fifteen vessels, anchoring off Bear Island. Meantime, Morard de Galles and Hoche, in the frigate, had been chased by an English vessel, and had fled to the west. The east wind, which set in, completed their discomfiture by preventing them from reaching Bantry Bay in time, and left the conduct of affairs in the hands of Bouvet and Grouchy.

The French ships which had anchored in the bay on the 22d could not land their troops that night. A strong wind blew—the same which was driving back Hoche, and caused the ill-manned, ill-equipped ships no little trouble. Not till the 24th did the weather clear, when a landing was determined upon. The ships weighed and stood for Bantry, where the debarkation was to be effected, in the teeth of an easterly wind. The handling of the vessels was, however, bad, and they made little way before sundown, when they anchored. Once more the winds blew and they were scattered. On the 25th, ship after ship dragged its anchors or parted its cables. Bouvet was filled with alarm for the safety of his ships, whose condition he knew only too well. At any moment, with the east wind, his dreaded enemies might appear in force off the harbor; and the wind which was so favorable to them was equally adverse to his friends. The remnants of the expedition had no plans, no money and only four pieces of artillery. Its arrival must have been announced to the English at Cork, who might any moment come up with a land force strong enough to prevent his disembarkation. There was nothing to be done, so he cut his cables and ran out to sea. He carried no distinctive lights, a sign of French disorganization; once more the signals, if he made any, were not understood by all the ships of his command; and he vanished, leaving fourteen vessels in the bay, to reach Brest safely on Jan. 1.

The ships that were left endured for some hours more the continued terrors of gale and fog, till on the 26th four more had to run. The remnant could achieve nothing, and were compelled, reluctantly enough, to follow on the 27th, and they, too, succeeded in entering Brest. On Dec. 30 and Jan. 1 nine more French ships arrived at Bantry, only to depart on Jan. 3. The expedition had failed hopelessly. Of the French fleet from first to last seven were captured and four wrecked, while two, one of which was a 74-gun ship, foundered. But it had shown that despite our great naval strength it was possible for a French force to cross the narrow seas, and to lie with impunity in a British harbor. It had demonstrated the fact that the "silver streak" was not an inexpungable defense. It had also discredited the vigilance of our navy.

Colpoys, our admiral off Brest, did literalip nothing to foil the French. He retired to Spithead while their fleet was ranging the channel. Lord Bridport, his commander-in-chief, was just as inactive. Between them they might well have ruined us. For of this there can be no doubt, that had Hoche been present with the French fleet, he would have compelled it to wait and effect a landing. "If Hoche had arrived," said Napoleon to an Englishman, "Ireland was lost to you. . . . Grouchy, who was second in command, did not know what to do." "If Hoche had landed," said Barras, "the fate of Ireland and England was decided." The great Pitt owned that never had he felt such alarm. It was not only the French with whom we should have to deal, but also the thousands of the United Irishmen. The terrible and bloody insurrection of 1798 would have broken out in the winter of 1796, and with the solid support of 13,000 French bayonets under France's most brilliant general, the issue of the insurrection must have been to sunder Ireland from England.—Dublin Freeman.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

Not even the nipping of "old Jack Frost," with a twenty-below-zero vengeance, could keep the enthusiastic Lyceum devotees away from their last meeting. The manly eloquence of a Keating or Flanagan, the magnetism of a Mulligan or an O'Brien, are too much to be overcome by the most fearful of "old Jack's" timid ones. And there was not a young man present who did not feel rewarded an hundred-fold by the exquisite singing and pretty looks of Miss Slattery, the accomplished and popular favorite of the South Side. Her singing of "Come Back to Erin" was so excellent that many of the audience went with her in spirit to the "land of their birth." Perhaps if one could read their hearts one would discover there a fervent longing to "come with the shamrock in spring-time, mavourneen," for it is then that Killarney looks loveliest and best. But alas! it was only a little day dream, a little yielding to a cherished wish, a little mental realization of an anticipated hope, a slight taste of a love for home and dear ones that sustains many a weary heart in the battle of life. There was, perhaps, something deeper than compliance with custom in the applause which greeted her. Little, perhaps, did she know of the power of a single song, sweetly sung, to arouse latent feelings and longings for things to come. It was this depth of sad but sweet memory which carried her audience into a land wherein are the cherished hopes of those who drank the significance of her words.

The "Cushel Sisters" won admiration and applause for their vocal and instrumental performances. Miss Vera Cushel, with all her youthful simplicity, sang "All for the Love of a Girl," and it is fair to say that she so softened the hearts of the young men who listened, that each one would there and then be willing to do ten times as much—and "all for the love of a girl."

Mr. E. F. O'Riordan has added another gem to the well-laden crown of jewels he has so nobly won. This time our genial "man of law" deviates from his customary line of modest prose and enters the sacred precincts of the "poet muse." It seems as if lawyers can succeed at anything, therefore Mr. O'Riordan's success was at once anticipated and realized. His verses were the product of ingenuity and natural talent, and enlivened by the spirit of true patriotism. This is not the first time we have heard of a poet "after nature's own heart," and we hope it is not the last of his poetic efforts. His initial attempts command success; his final ones must achieve it.

The debate on "Should Offices be Used as the Spoils of Political Victory," was opened by Mr. Geo. F. Mulligan for the affirmative. Although it was expected he had selected the unpopular and weak side, still his logical and reasoning style of argument was so convincing and incontrovertible that he won over his audience to his side. Mr. P. J. Reynolds for the negative, started in to undo the work of Mr. Mulligan, and explain the beauty and utility of the "civil service." Messrs. John T. Keating, P. B. Flanagan and Quin O'Brien, also participated in the debate. At the conclusion, the president, Hon. Wm. Dillon, called for a "standing vote," which gave a majority to Mr. Mulligan and the "spoils system."

It is understood that at the next meeting, Feb. 25, the members will be asked to hold a public celebration down town on the anniversary of Thomas Moore. The subject of debate at the February meeting will be: "Ought Bachelors (both sexes) be Taxed?" It is expected that the subject will attract a large gathering and be instructive and interesting.

Those wishing to join the Lyceum can obtain all information from the secretary, T. J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn avenue.

As announced above, the next regular meeting will be held at the Oxford hall, 77 Thirty-first street, Thursday evening, Feb. 25, commencing at 8 o'clock. J. J. S.

Catholic Foresters.

The Catholic Order of Foresters at their recent National Convention, elected the following officers: High Chief Ranger, Thomas H. Cannon, Chicago; High Vice-Chief Ranger, Ainee Talbot, Quebec, Canada; High Secretary, Theo. B. Thiele, Chicago; High Treasurer, Thos. J. Callen, Milwaukee; High Medical Examiner, Dr. T. F. O'Malley, Chicago; High Trustees, John P. Harding, N. F. Relewicz, Gabriel Franchere, Chicago; J. W. Henneberry, Eagle Grove, Iowa; Pat Grogan, Milwaukee; J. F. Mehren, Chicago.

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Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills.

PRELATE AND POET.

(*Weekly Independent*).

The speech of his Grace Lord Plunkett at the Mansion House meeting recently recalls some stirring verses written by him many years ago, and addressed to those Irishmen who are ashamed to acknowledge Ireland as their native land. They are headed "A Rebuke," and it is certainly a very effective and patriotic one. These verses prove that, although a staunch Unionist, Lord Plunkett looks on himself as an Irishman who owes his best affections to the land that bore him.

A REBUKE.

Ye sons of Erin! who despise
The motherland that bore you,
Who nothing Irish love or prize,
Give ear, I will not spare you!
The stranger's jeer I do not fear,
But can I pardon ever
Those who revile their native Isle?
Oh, never, never, never!

That persons so refined and grand
As you are, should belong to
This very low and vulgar land
Is sad, and very wrong too!
But 'tis too late to mend your fate,
Irish you are for ever—
You'll wipe that shame from off your name,
Oh, never, never, never!

Well, then, what do you hope to win
In spite of all your labors,
By meanly cutting kith and kin
And courting prouder neighbors?
Ah, no! dear sirs, he sadly errs
Who tries to be too clever
Mark what I say, it will not pay—
Oh, never, never, never!

From Irish soil you love to roam,
But let me just remind you,
You'll nowhere find a happier home
Than what you leave behind you!
The world explore from shore to shore,
'Twill be a vain endeavor,
On scenes so bright you'll never light,
Oh, never, never, never!

Go point me out on any map
A match for green Killarney,
Or Avoca's bed, or Dunloe's gap,
Or mystic shades of Blarney,
Or Antrim's caves, or Shannon's waves,
Ah, me! I doubt if ever
An Isle so fair was seen elsewhere—
Oh, never, never, never!

Where will you meet with lads more true;
And where with truer lasses?
Those genial hearts, those eyes of blue,
Pray tell me what surpasses?
You may not grieve such joys to leave
Or care such ties to sever,
But friends more kind you'll never find,
Oh, never, never, never!

And now, my friends, go if you will
And visit other nations,
But leave your hearts in Erin still
Among your poor relations;
The spot of earth that gave you birth
Resolve to love for ever,
And you'll repent that good intent
Oh, never, never, never!

A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Owing to delay in getting in copy we are unable to publish in full letters received.

The County Board at its meeting on Sunday rescinded former action, and by a large majority determined not to celebrate St. Patrick's Day by a street parade. The decision of the Board was a marked one, as it followed an hour's debate and included a request that all the representatives of the divisions vote in accordance with the wish of the Board at the convention of the Irish-American council to be held in Fitzgerald's hall, Feb. 21. The matter took this shape owing to an opinion expressed that the dedication of the monument in Mount Olivet cemetery should be signalized by a monster turn out on the part of the societies, and that the expense of St. Patrick's Day would materially weaken the latter date demonstration. The question has been discussed in these columns before, and I am loath to refer to it pro or con, desiring that all should deal with the matter in the way in his mind most consonant with the respect due the County Board and in keeping with the position of our people in the city of Chicago.

In next week's issue we will give in detail the report of the proceedings of the County Board, and a report of the splendid reunion of Div. 21 at Clybourn and Ashland avenues. Mor.

The Popular Scenic Route

Between Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. Solid Vestibuled Train Service, via Grand Trunk Railway System, in connection with the picturesque Lehigh Valley R. R. via Niagara Falls. Leave Chicago, Dearborn Station, via Grand Trunk Railway System at 3:10 p. m. Through Solid Vestibuled Train to New York and Philadelphia. The train runs daily, Sundays included, and consists of a combination baggage and smoking car, first-class passenger coaches and Pullman buffet sleeping cars, with dining car attached. The Entire System is Vestibuled, is lighted by gas, heated by steam, and contains all improvements lately introduced in modern railway equipment. For rates, sleeping car accommodations and further information, apply to L. R. Morrow, City Ticket Agent, 103 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

SCOUNDRELLY O'MALLEY PROSECUTION.

(*Chicago Chronicle, Feb. 15.*)

"Your honor is untarnished by this trial."

Thus spake to the defendant the foreman of the jury that upon the first ballot had acquitted the honest, innocent, gentle and manly O'Malley, who had been wantonly persecuted as the result of a damnable conspiracy to which the state's attorney's office lent ready assent and powerful and unscrupulous assistance.

O'Malley's honor is untarnished. But where will he have compensation for the money loss sustained by him in defending himself from the villainously urged accusation? The savings of a lifetime of frugality, the provision made through uninterrupted industry for his declining years and for the maintenance of his family, are swept away in fighting, not to save his honor, which even if it survived his conviction would have been but a poor legacy to his children, but to save his life. If the material loss is fatal how shall we estimate the moral injury to an innocent man, frail physically and unused to bloody contention, who suddenly finds himself confronted by an accusation of deliberate and horrible murder, and is compelled to bear the anguish of witnessing daily for weeks the whole effort of the State of Illinois, of which he is a peaceful and honorable citizen, employed by relentless and conscienceless officials of the state to compass his ignominious death?

And what shall be said of the public wrong done in this monstrous, malicious and dastardly attempt by the law officer of the commonwealth to induce a jury through cunningly fabricated evidence to hang an innocent citizen? For it is certain as the light follows day that and an intelligent and fair-minded jury the state would have driven O'Malley to the gallows, and the state's attorney would have plumed himself on his brilliant achievement.

Mr. Deneen scarce epmprehends the nature of his great office and its important, even sacred, duties. The people ask no officer of theirs to deliver to the jail or the hangman an innocent citizen, and no state's attorney is compelled to urge the conviction of an indicted person if he be persuaded that the evidence offered against him is insufficient or incredible. He is for purposes of justice equally the attorney of the accused and of the state, but Deneen chose to lend his office to the furtherance of an enormous trespass upon the rights of a citizen, an atrocious crime against the state. It was not alone that the state's attorney's office turned willing ear to the so-called testimony trumped up by a blundering, prejudiced and tyrannical police officer—testimony that would be instantly rejected by an intelligent boy who had never read "Greenleaf on Evidence." The office aided and abetted the scoundrelly policeman. An office designed by the people for the ascertainment of truth to the end that justice be done upon culprits whose guilt is not lightly to be assumed, adroitly trained witnesses to lie and to lie that a fellow man might hang by the neck until he was dead. Miss Shirley's stenographic notes on this point are conclusive. We have heard vituperative denunciation of this woman as one who had betrayed a trust, but she was not employed for Prosecutor Deneen in his private, but in his public, capacity, and there would have been gross betrayal of her duty to her real employer—the people—who never designed that an innocent man should suffer, if she had remained silent while the conspiracy was slowly choking the life out of a reputable man. Let us give, however, to the prosecution just as much weight as their contention of Miss Shirley's betrayal of trust may be entitled to—the condemnatory fact remains that the prosecution rest defense for trespass upon the rights of O'Malley and the rights of the people upon that betrayal, and do not explain their own scoundrelism as established thereby.

The finding of the jury does not merely re-establish after great pecuniary loss to himself the repute of O'Malley in the community. In effect it goes farther. The acquittal is necessarily a moral indictment of the state's attorney's office, which to attain a villainous end sought to arouse racial and religious prejudices, among the most abhorrent and dangerous of human passions, and to vindicate an inspector of police who ought to be in the penitentiary, was ready and willing to wash its hands in the blood of innocence. No citizen of this community is safe when this spirit is shown in the state's attorney's office. Chicago has suffered patiently, almost uncomplainly, from ringsters in politics when the object of their combination has been merely plunder. A chief executive of the law in this shire may become the chief contemner of law when he lines his pockets from the profits of jail dietary, and the county treasurer may break fundamental law by stealing moneys which are specifically denied him, and the county board, part of the ring, may smile complacently at a proceeding in which, no doubt, they personally profit. But when the personal liberty—not the personal liberty alone, but also the very life—of citizens is to be at the mercy of an unscrupulous policeman and a heedless state's attorney's office it is time to ask the people of Chicago to take notice of a situation full to them of unexpected peril from their own servants.

The O'Malley case is not yet finished, though the jury has acquitted him with honor. It never will be finished until Schaack is dismissed in disgrace and Deneen is impeached.

St. Nicholas Magazine.

The February issue of St. Nicholas is the midwinter holiday number. Frances Courtenay Baylor, whose story of "Juan and Juanita," was one of St. Nicholas, pronounced successes, begins a new serial for girls, "Miss Nina Barrow." George Kennan, in "A Siberian Scare," tells one of his experiences in the wilds of that country. That he was visited by a veritable ghost the superstitious peasants firmly believed, although Mr. Kennan penetrated to the bottom of the mystery. Julia Taft Bayne furnishes a paper about "Willie and Tad Lincoln," who were playmates of her brother. She tells of their pranks in the White House, and describes what was probably the first and only minstrel show given in that building. The programme of the entertainment, rudely traced in Tad's youthful hand, is reproduced. Mrs. Bayne also tells of "Mrs. Lincoln's Zouaves," made up wholly of officers. As a companion article to this is a paper on "The Birthplace of President Lincoln," by George H. Yenowine. This has illustrations of the scenes connected with the boyhood of the Emancipator. Mr. Yenowine tells a story of the rescue from death by drowning of Lincoln by one of his schoolmates, that Mr. Yenowine took down from the lips of the surviving actor in the incident. Charles Thaxter Hill, in "An Alarm of Fire by Telegraph," describes the wonderful fire-alarm system of New York, and draws many stirring pictures. A sketch of child-life in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco by Theodore Wores, the artist, is entitled, "Ah Gau's New Year's Celebration." "The Tale of the discontented Weathercock," is the final story in "The City of Stories," by Frank M. Bicknell. The serials, "Master Skylark," "June's Garden," "The Last Three Soldiers," and "The True Story of Marco Polo," have interesting instalments. There are many sketches, poems and jingles in the number, all fully illustrated.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed. Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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The Irish Language.

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Ralleigh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

Home Seekers' Excursions

On February 2 and 16, and March 2 and 16, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and Southwestern States, both on its own line and elsewhere, at greatly reduced rates. Details as to rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

FIGHT IS ON IN CRETE

CHRISTIANS OPEN FIRE AND TURKISH GOVERNOR SEEKS SAFETY.

Goes on Board a Russian Man-of-War—Greek Warship Fires on a Turkish Transport—Mission of the British Fleet in Cretan Waters.

Canea, Crete, Feb. 16.—The joint forces of the foreign warships have occupied the town of Canea. The steps taken give satisfaction here.

Canea, Island of Crete, Feb. 15.—The Christians occupied the heights surrounding the town yesterday morning, and began to bombard Canea. As soon as the firing commenced Prince Georgi Berovitch, governor of Crete, with thirty recently enrolled gen d'armes, boarded the Russian man-of-war. The Greek consul embarked on board another vessel. The Turks from the fortress replied to the fire of the Christians. It is reported that the fighting was attended with bloodshed. The military governor has been removed from his post. The foreign consuls all embarked on board the various vessels lying off the town of Canea. The Greek consul at Heraklion went on board the Greek warship Nauarchos Miaulis. The Christians at Heraklion are hurrying on board the ships. Fighting occurred around Halepa Saturday. After a brisk fusillade the Turks dislodged the Christians and occupied the Akrotiri hills. The French consul was obliged to quit his country house at Halepa and return to his official residence at Canea.

Powers to Protect the Moslems.

Constantinople, Feb. 15.—A Greek warship Saturday fired on a Turkish vessel conveying soldiers from Candia to Canea. As a result of this occurrence the ambassadors have decided to recommend to their respective governments that the powers occupy Canea, Retimo and Candia for the purpose of affording protection to the Mussulmans.

Athens, Feb. 15.—Prince Nicholas has started for Larissa, Thessaly, with the Third artillery regiment. It is stated that the British admiral commanding in the Cretan waters has orders to prevent any collision at sea between the Turks and the Greeks. Prince George arrived at Canea Saturday. He received a visit from the commanders of the foreign men-of-war. Later he returned to Milo with the flotilla. The foreign ministers at Athens met at the French legation for the purpose of considering the situation. It is believed that they decided to address further representations to the Grecian government, which replying to their recent statements declared that the government, having full knowledge of the situation, had not hesitated to assume the whole responsibility for the measures it had taken.

Turkish Authorities Ask Help.

The reserves of 1893-94 have been called out. Grecian officers started for Crete who having been recalled at the last moment, and ordered to rejoin their regiments, have resigned their commissions and issued a manifesto explaining that they are leaving the army in order to fight for the freedom of their brethren.

The [illegible] sidering that resistance to the cause of the Christians in Crete is hopeless, have requested the foreign commanders to occpuy the town. The commanders of the men-of-war have referred the subject matter to their respective governments and ask for instructions.

CHICAGO KEEPS LINCOLN DAY.

Banks and Exchanges Closed—Marquette Club Banquet—Other Observances.

Chicago, Feb. 13.—The birthday of Abraham Lincoln is a holiday in Chicago, and yesterday was the day. The natal day of "the greatest American" was celebrated in a manner to make the event memorable. All over the city companies of men and of women and of children met with the single purpose of paying homage to Abraham Lincoln. The banks were closed. The exchanges were silent. Schools varied their exercises and sang his praises. Eminent citizens met at banquet and made him their theme. Republican politics, also, was not omitted. In fact that theme was the principal one at the most notable meeting—theMarquette club banquet. Here the guests of honor were Governors Tanner, of Illinois; Hastings, of Pennsylvania; Pingree, of Michigan; Drake, of Iowa; Mount, of Indiana; Scofield of Wisconsin, and others, besides Senator William E. Mason. Governor Tanner was not present, but was represented by Lieutenant Governor Northcott, who spoke for him.

Governor Pingree talked reform in his usual vein, from a municipal standpoint; the eulogy on Abraham Lincoln was delivered by Albert J. Beveridge; Governor Mount's subject was "The Farmer in Politics." Lieutenant Governor Northcott and Mayor Swift did the welcoming of the 600 guests. The other governors talked Republican politics. Lincoln council, National Union, gave its annual entertainment at the Auditorium. Meetings were held in memory of the day at many cities in the country. A banquet was held at St. Paul, Minnesota having been one of the first states to make the day a legal holiday.

End of the Colliander Murder Trial.

Chicago, Feb. 15.—Alderman Thomas J. O'Malley, of the Twenty-third ward, and John Santry, who had been on trial for the murder of Gus Colliander, election judge, in 1894, were Saturday night acquitted by the jury. The trial has lasted a month and was bitterly contested. The jury was out several hours, and although a unit as to the innocence of O'Malley on the first ballot, some of the jurors were, in favor of convicting Santry. They finally agreed to his acquittal, however. Colliander was a saloonkeeper who in the local election of 1894 was shot by one of a gang of toughs which raided a polling place when he was present, having just called to se how the count was.

Death of Banker St. John.

New York, Feb. 16.—Banker William P. St. John, who was treasurer of the Democratic national committee last campaign, and that rara avis, a New York banker who was in favor of free silver, died suddenly yesterday. During the campaign his colleagues of the Mercantile National bank management requested his resignation on the ground that as president of a national bank he could not consistently be a manager of a free silver campaign. He resigned, giving up a salary of $18,000 a year. He was born at Mobile, Ala., Feb. 19, 1849.

LAWMAKERS AT WORK.

Synopsis of Proceedings in the Senate and House.

Washington, Feb. 12.—Outside of the debate between Turpie and Morgan—for and against the Anglo-American arbitration treaty during the secret session—the senate passed the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill carrying $1,645,308, and bills fixing the time and place for holding federal courts in Oklahoma and providing for the retirement of soldiers and naval seamen after thirty years continuous service at three-quarters pay. Next Wednesday was fixed as the day for the vote on the immigration bill as revised.

The house passed the fortifications bill and considered the postoffice bill without action. A bill was passed regarding the payment of territorial bonds with an amendment permitting payment in "lawful money," except certain bonds of Arizona.

Washington, Feb. 13.—The senate yesterday passed a resolution offered by Hill of New York requesting Secretary Olney to use every effort toward bettering the condition of Sylvester Scovel, the newspaper correspondent imprisoned in Cuba, and to insist on all treaty rights to which he is entitled. Morgan offered a resolution for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The balance of the day was spent in executive session, where Blackburn gave notice of an intention to move the postponement of the arbitration treaty; Hoar spoke in favor of the treaty and Stewart made an Anglophobic attack on it.

The house passed the postoffice appropriation bill, carrying $95,435,714.

Washington, Feb. 15.—Saturday the senate passed a resolution authorizing the secretary of the navy to send a vessel, naval or otherwise, loaded with supplies to the famine sufferers of India, others to furnish the supplies. In executive session several amendments were offered to the arbitration treaty, the foreign affairs committee offering one that practically requires a new treaty every time a dispute arises. The treaty is probably dead for this session.

The house devoted the day to the sundry civil bill ostensibly but to politics really, the Wilson and McKinley bills being defended and attacked. Democrats declared that the appropriations for this congress would aggregate $1,045,000,000. Cummings offered a resolution asking information about the alleged stripping of their clothes by Spanish officials of two ladies on board an American vessel in Havana harbor and Murray another one for an inquiry as to whether South Carolina has a republican form of government.

Washington, Feb. 16.—Shortly after the senate convened yesterday Morgan called up his resolution to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and started to speak. Sherman made several points of order, all of which was sustained by Vice President Stevenson, when Morgan accused Stevenson of "victimizing" him, an accusation that was warmly denied by the vice president. Finally a vote was taken and Morgan won—32 to 31. The senate went into executive session and Morgan made his speech. Upon resuming the open session a bill was passed providing penalities for starting forest fires on public lands; the bankruptcy bill was rea[illegible] he conference re[illegible] to; twenty-four private pension bills were passed.

In the house the sundry civil bill, carrying $50,644,743, was passed under suspension of the rules; Boatner was confirmed in his seat, contested by Benoit; the conference report on the consular and diplomatic bill was agreed to; the bill authorizing the secretary of the navy to provide a ship to take contributions to India was passed, as was the bill to supply the national guard with 45-calber rifles and a bill authorizing the loan of tents to Buffalo for the G. A. R. encampment. A night sesion was held for private pensions and nine bills were passed.

ILLNESS OF SENATOR MASON.

He Soon Recovers and at Last Accounts Was All Right Again.

Chicago, Feb. 15. — United States Senator-elect William E. Mason was suddenly stricken at his residence Saturday afternoon with a severe fainting spell brought on by nervous strain and overwork. It had been the intention of Mason to leave for the south to secure much-needed rest, and as soon as he was conscious he decided to start immediately. Accordingly he made hurried arrangements and left on the 4 o'clock train for New Orleans. Within two hours after he had left the city the rumor was current that he had been taken ill a second time and died on the train.

At Centralia, Ills., the senator declared that he never felt better in his life and that the slight fainting spell was caused by exhaustion and no bad effects had followed. He was sitting up at 11 p. m. Saturday jollying his companions in the smoking room of the sleeper and appeared in good health.

Two Prominent Southerners Dead.

Lexington, Va., Feb. 15.—John Randolph Tucker died at his home here Saturday night. He was conscious up to 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, when he bade his family good-bye. Tucker had been ill for several weeks, and his death was expected. John Randolph Tucker was born in Winchester, Va., Dec. 24, 1823. He was educated at the University of Virginia, adopting the law as his profession. He served in the Confederate congress, and after the war was sent to the national house, serving in six congresses.

Kansas City, Feb. 15.—General Joseph O. Shelby died just gefore dawn Saturday at his home near Adrian, Mo. He had been unconscious during most of the time since last Monday, and his vitality had been gradually sinking since that time. General "Jo" Shelby was one of the picturesque characters of the great rebellion.

Costly Fire at Chicago.

Chicago, Feb. 12.—At 1 o'clock this morning fire broke out in the four-story brick building at 172 Madison street. The building was entirely burned out at a loss of about $40,000 to its owners and entailing a loss of $60,000 on Foster, Son & Co. The flames spread to the six-story building adjoining on the east and ruined the two upper stories. This building is occupied by Powers & O'Brien, who ran an elaborate saloon. Their loss will be heavy.

Will Give Work to 400 Men.

Newport, Ky., Feb. 12.—The announcement is made that the Newport rolling mill will resume next Monday, giving employment to 400 men.

THE FIGHT IN CUBA.

RIVERA SAYS THE SPANISH SOLDIERS ARE ON THE RUN.

Troops Are Afraid of the Rebels, Who Have to Go and Hunt Them When They Want to Fight—Another American in Weyler's Hands—Horrible Butchery.

Cincinnati Feb. 15.—The Commercial-Tribune's special from Jacksonville, Fla., says: Colonel Fredericko Perez Carbo, late dispatch chief general to Maceo, received a letter from General Rios Rivera from the Pinar del Rio section Saturday. It spoke in the highest terms of his men, their enthusiasm in the cause and denied in the strongest terms that that province was pacified. "The Spanish do not come out of their entrenched camps," wrote the general, "and when we want to fight them we have to go down to them. We have full control of all the open country." His army consists of over 5,000 men, all well armed and the health of the troops is generally good. Several important engagements have taken place and in every one the Cubans had been victorious.

Wants Another Dynamite Gun.

While the men regretted the death of Maceo, yet they were full of patriotism and the fight was being continued on the plans outlined by that great general. One expedtion had landed there not long ago with needed supplies, and the general was in good spirits over the outlook for Cuban independence. Rivera spoke of the good work accomplished by their dynamite gun, commanded by young John Lunn, of Jacksonville, and said that he wanted another. In one of the last expeditions an ample supply of ammunition for it had come over and it was being used very often to the damage of the Spanish. Artemisa has been laid in ruins almost by the gun and other places and camps had felt its power. Important information was also sent Colonel Carbo to be forwarded to the New York junta.

CANTON MAN IN SPANISH HANDS.

Son of a Neighbor of Major McKinley Captured by Weyler's Forces.

Canton, O., Feb. 15.—A news dispatch announces that the Spanish authorities at Regla have arrested Charles Scott, an American. The prisoner is presumed to be Oliver Ream, of this city, who has traveled under that name for several years, and from whom relatives can receive no communication. J. H. Ream, the prisoner's father, instinctively feels that the prisoner is his own son. Of the subject he said: "When he left home he changed his name, and whenever we wrote to him or he wrote to us it was under the name of Charles Scott. He always was interested in wars and fighting, and repeatedly declared that if there ever was an opportunity he would join an army and go to the front. The last time he wrote to us he was at Flemingsburg, Ky. He said then that if he decided to go to the west he would come this way and see us before leaving.

"He made a trip to Atlanta, Ga., and then returned to Flemingburg. He was [illegible] there. What has me certain that he has joined the Cuban army and that he is the man who has been captured is that we cannot hear from him. Then, too, just about the time the last news was received from him there was formed in the part of Kentucky in which he was then living a company to go to Cuba to join the insurgents. It was a very natural thing for him to do to unite with that company."

BUTCHERY OF PACIFICOS.

Driven into a Swamp by the Spaniards and Cruelly Shot to Death.

Cincinnati, Feb. 15.—The Commercial-Tribune's special from Key West says: A letter from Matanzas tells of the cruel butchery of a camp of pacificos by a band of Spanish guerrillas under Major Consartes. The pacificos were encamped near a lake ten miles south of Matanzas. They were afraid to come into that city because smallpox and other diseases were so prevalent. Major Consartes was sent to bring them in. Surrounding the camp his soldiers burst in upon them with wild yells, shooting as they advanced. Five fell at the first fire, two being women. Alarmed and scarcely knowing what to do the others dashed into the shallow waters of the lake, endeavoring to hide under the leaves of the big lily pads and other large-leaved plants.

The Spanish troops selected their human targets and coolly began shooting at them, killing at every shot. The screams and agonized entreaties of the poor frenzied wretches were terrible. Some soldiers threw down their guns and refused to fire. The offers of the Cubans to surrender were rceceived with shouts of derision, and the butchery only ceased when not a head was visible. Major Consartes' official report stated that his detachment had been attacked at the lake, and that they killed ten insurgents in the fight that followed. Twenty pacificos, men, women and children, were killed.

Cuban Insurgents Get Sinews of War.

Cincinnati, Feb. 16.—The Commercial-Tribune's special from Havana, via Key West, Fla., says: A pay train on the railroad near Candelaria, province of Pinar del Rio, was wrecked by the Cubans Friday and over $600,000 in silver secured. They killed ten of the guards and captured four Spanish guerrillas belonging to San Martin's band. The latter were instantly being put to the machete by the infuriated Cubans as they attribute most of the cruel murders in that section to this band.

Bids for Duluth Harbor Improvement.

Duluth, Minn., Feb. 16.—Thirteen bids were opened by the United States here yesterday for the twenty-foot harbor improvement here for which the government has allowed $3,000,000. The bids ranged from $1,656,645 bid by each of three local concerns, to $2,876,115 bid by S. O. Dixon, of Racine, Wis. Bidders were present from all over the lake country, New York and Philadelphia. The contract will probably go to the local bidders.

President-Elect Has a Cold.

Canton, O., Feb. 16.—At 9:30 last night Major McKinley was confined to his room and his doctor advised him to see no visitors today nor until he was rid of his cold. This is the first time he has been inaccessible to callers since his return from Columbus over a year ago.

GOVERNOR SEES POMPADOUR JIM.

Nevada's Executive at the Station to Greet the Fighter.

Reno, Feb. 12.—There was a big crowd to meet Jim Corbett when he passed through on his way to San Francisco. Governor Sadler, of Nevada, was among those who came down from Carson to take a peek at the world's champion. Just as soon as the train stopped the governor clambered aboard and was introduced to Corbett by A. Livingston. "I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Corbett," said the governor, making a critical survey of Corbett's towering figure and broad shoulders.

"And I am pleased to meet you," replied Corbett. "You proved by signing that glove contest measure and giving the people what they wanted, that there was no hypocrisy about you. It needed some governor with the courage of his convictions to break the ice in matters of this kind. It is to be hoped your example will be followed and that there will be less hypocrisy about things of this kind in future."

Carson, Nev., Feb. 12.—Dan Stuart has at last arrived and has announced that the big fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons will occur in Carson March 17.

DOWLING TO BE PROSECUTED.

Recently Removed Cincinnati Official to Stand a Criminal Trial.

Cincinnati, Feb. 16.—Considerable excitement was caused here las night by the federal grand jury issui summonses for over 100 witnesses n the case against Joseph Dowling, who was removed by President Cleveland last month on complaint of the civil service commission from the office of internal revenue collector for the First Ohio district. This leaves no doubt about the criminal prosecution of ex-Collector Dowling for soliciting funds for political purposes while in office. Dowling had retained a number of eminent lawyers to resist the decree of dismissal, and these attorneys propose to test the law in the defense of Dowling after the expected indictment.

Combine in Soft Coal.

Cleveland, Feb. 12.—An evening paper says: At a secret meeting held in this city Wednesday there was consummated an agreement that will practically control the soft coal product of the state. It was a session of representatives of the Ohio soft coal association and of railroads in the association territory. It was decided to establish a single sales agency for all of the Ohio bituminous coal producers.

Another Great Agony Over.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 12.—Isaac B. Potter was elected president of the L. A. W. yesterday afternoon. The vote was: Potter, 158; Elliott, 115; blank, 1. Morrison, of Milwaukee, was elected vice president, receiving 140 votes. Keenan, of Pittsburg, his competitor, received 128 votes. Morrison's election was made unanimous. C. Frank Kierker, of Paterson, N. J., was unanimously elected second vice president.

Harvard and Yale Make Up.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 16.—Harvard and Yale at last signed a definite treaty and a complete athletic reconciliation has been effected. It provides for base ball, football and track athletics to be agreed to by the under graduates' managers, and for an arbitration committee in case of disagreement.

National Creamery Butter Men.

Owatonna, Minn., Feb. 16.— The annual convention of the National Creamery Butter Makers' association opened in the court house last evening. The interest in this convention is quite unusual and every one asserts that it will be the greatest ever held by the association.

Ship Missing with Eight Men.

Providence, R. I., Feb. 16.—The big schooner Rhode Island, three weeks overdue, from Turk's island, with a cargo of salt, has not been heard from since she sailed, and it is feared she has been lost. She carried a crew of eight mn.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.

Money on call nominally 1½@2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper 3@4 per cent.; sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486½@487 for demand and 484½@485 for sixty days; posted rates 485@485½ and 487@488; commercial bills, 483¾.

Silver certificates, 64¾@64¾; no sales; bar bar silver, 64¾. Mexican dollars, 50¾.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's registered, 123¼; do. coupons, 123¼; 5's registered, 113¾; do coupons, 113¾; 4's registered, 111½; do coupons, 112¼; 2's registered, 95½; Pacific 6's of '98, 103¾.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—February, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 75¼c, closed 75¼c; July, opened 71½c, closed 74½c. Corn—February, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 23½c, closed 24c; July, opened 24½c, closed 25c. Oats—February, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 17¼c, closed 17c; July, opened 18c, closed 17¾c. Pork—February, opened and closed nominal; May, opened $7.90, closed $8.07½. Lard—February, opened and closed nominal; May, opened $3.95, closed $4.00.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 20½c per lb; extra dairy, 17c per lb; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 17c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 11@11½c per lb.; chickens (hens), 6@7c; roosters, 5c; ducks, 9@11c; geese, 6@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 22@25c per bu.; Hebrons, 22@23c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, 90c@$1.25 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 12c per lb.; extracted, 5@7c. Apples—Common to fancy, $1.00@2.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 33,000; sales ranged at $3.30@3.65 pigs, $3.45@3.65; light, $3.25@3.35 rough packing, $3.45@3.60 mixed, and $3.40@3.60 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; quotations ranged at $4.95@5.40 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.50@4.90 good to choice do., $3.90@4.40 fair to good, $3.65@4.05 common to medium do., $3.50@3.90 butchers' steers, $3.25@3.80 stockers, $3.70@4.25 feeders, $1.80@3.70 cows, $2.40@4.20 heifers, $2.25@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.90@4.20 Texas steers, and $2.75@6.25 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for day, 14,000; sales ranged at $2.75@4.00 western, $2.25@3.50 Texans, $2.25@4.10 natives, and $3.50@5.10 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 15.

Wheat—No. spring, 74c; No. 3 northern, 77c; May, 75½c. Corn—No. 3, 19c. Oats—No. 2 white, 16@19c. Barley—No. 2, 30c; samples, 23@31c. Rye—No. 1, 35c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT Feb. 15.

Wheat—Cash white, 86½c; cash red, 86½c; May, 86¾c; July, 76c.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Summary of Important Events of the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph for the Benefit of Our Readers—Items of Special Interest to Illinois People.

Springfield, Feb. 11.—The first thing the senate heard yesterday when it convened was a message from Governnor Tanner asking authority to borrow $250,000 to pay the current expenses, and a bill was immediately introduced in compliance with the request. Littler objected to the steering committee selecting a clerk for his committee and he was authorized to select one for himself. The Cuban belligerency resolution was adopted. A bill was introduced to protect farmers against fraudulent pedigrees of stallions and jacks. The bill provides that all persons standing these stallions for service must make an affidavit of pedigree under a penalty of a fine of not less than $10 or more than $100.

Springfield, Feb. 12.—In announcing the appointment of new canal commissioners in place of those appointed by Governor Altgeld, Governor Tanner yesterday told the senate that he had removed Thomas H. Cannon because "he does not possess the kind of ability needed for the discharge of his duty," and created a sensation in the senate thereby. The new commission is: H. O. Hildon, of Rockford; C. E. Snively, of Canton, and T. M. Ryan, of Streator. The nominations were confirmed. The bill to authorize the governor to borrow $250,000 was advanced to third reading and made special order for Tuesday next. The Cuban sympathizing resolution was adopted. A few bills were introduced and the senate adjourned to Tuesday, practically.

In the house committees on congressional, senatorial and judicial apportionment were announced with Anderson, R. C. Busse and Warder chairman respectively. One of the bills introduced was an anti-trust bill which forbids the formation of pools, trusts and all combinations for the purpose of fixing prices; another limits the expenses of candidates for public office, and a third authorizes cities and villages to erect gas and electric plants. Adjourned to Tuesday, same as the senate.

Springfield, Ills., Feb. 16.—At 5 p. m. yesterday the senate met and immediately adjourned, no quorum being present. The house was in session but a few minutes. Several bills were introduced, the most noteworthy being one by Kain to prevent coal mine employes being fraudulently deprived of wages by the incorrect weighing of coal.

EXPLOSION OF A TALLOW TANK.

Buries Three Men Who Are, However, Dug Out of the Ruins Alive.

Springfield, Ills., Feb. 15.—At an early hour yesterday morning an iron tallow tank in the large packing house of B. Franz Bros., situated just outside the city limits, exploded with most disastrous effect and a detonation that shook many large buildings all over the city and for miles around. The walls and two smokestacks were blown down, and the machinery in the entire plant badly damaged. The bottom of the exploded tank was found 400 feet from the ruins, buried four feet in the ground.

No lives were lost, but three men who were buried in the debris had close calls for their lives. Engineer Krimmell and one of his helpers were buried for several hours, the engineer not regaining consciousness for several hours after being rescued. The loss will approximate $10,000.

Chicago Reformers Call on Tanner.

Springfield, Ills., Feb. 16.—A delegation from Chicago representing the Civic Federation, the Union League and the Lincoln and Marquette clubs waited on Governor Tanner last night and discussed the proposed primary election bill and the revenue bill prepared by the Civic Federation. The governor assured the delegation that he was in favor of any law which might tend to the purification of the primaries and would favor all legislation in this direction.

Death of Captain John M. Adair.

Springfield, Ills., Feb. 16.—Captain John M. Adair died at his home here yesterday afternoon, of consumption, aged 57 years. He was once owner of the Mount Carroll, Ills., Mirror, and in 1865 was appointed assistant secretary of the state senate. From 1869 to 1892 he was chief of the index department of the secretary of state's office. He eerved through the war in the Union army.

Suicide of a Lemont Man.

Chicago, Feb. 15.— Thomas J. Huston, a leading business man of Lemont, Ills., committed suicide in the Great Northern hotel Saturday with carbolic acid. No cause is known. Huston was secretary of the Lemont Building and Loan association, director of the Lemont State bank, secretary of the Lemont Electric Light and Power company, and a justice of the peace.

Prominent Illinois Republican Dead.

Warren, Ills., Feb. 13.—Hon. James Bayne, who represented this district in the legislature in 1882 and has been one of the most prominent Republicans in the state for many years, died at his home here of dropsy. He was 71 years old, and was a warm personal friend of Congressman Hitt, having supported him warmly the first time Hitt ran for congress.

Knox College Celebrates.

Galesburg, Ills., Feb. 16.—Knox college yesterday celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of its founding. The chief addreases were by S. S. McClure, New York city, and Dr. Willard Robinson, of Chicago. In the prize drill for cadets, James S. Tunnicliffe, of Galesburg, won the Mills medal.

State Notes.

The Commercial club, of Chicago, gave a farewell banquet to Lyman J. Gage at the Auditorium. Over 100 persons were present, including many noted men.

Gypsies 200 strong are reported to be terrorizing the farmers near Germantown, Ills.

Senator-elect Mason, of Illinois, and his family have reached New Orleans He is feeling well.

Patrick H. Linneen, agent at Chicago of the Holly Pump Manufacturing company, was fatally injured by an Illinois Central suburban train, dying later.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Feb. 10.

Sneak thieves stole $1,800 from the office of A. Boenert & Co., steamship agents, 92 La Salle street, Chicago.

Undertaker Fox, of Urbana, Ills., was about to prepare the body of a young woman for burial when he discovered that she was not dead. Physicians restored consciousness. It is believed she was poisoned and arrests are likely to follow.

Senator Harris's condition is reported considerably improved.

Miss Flo Woodbury, of Danville, Ills., has been selected as a delegate to the national meeting of the League of American Wheelmen. She is the first woman ever elected as a delegate to this assembly.

The calling of a convention of Sea Island cotton planters, to be held in Blackshear, Ga., on the 11th of this month, to demand a protective tariff against the admission of Egyptian cotton, is one of the political surprises of the day.

It is reported at London that Sir Phillip Currie will succeed Sir Julian Pauncefote at Washington.

Thursday, Feb. 11.

While playing in State street near Monroe, Chicago, Cairma Shalzetti, a 9-year-old newsboy, was run over and killed by a Wells, Fargo & Co. express wagon.

The safe in the Clearfield (Pa.) postoffice was blown open and $1,000 worth of stamps and $300 in cash was stolen.

John E. Northrope, treasurer of Comstock, Cheney & Co., probably the largest piano key manufacturers in the United States, is dead at Essex, Conn, aged 60 years.

Lockhart & Sons, woolens, who suspended at Toronto, have assigned. The liabilities are placed at $110,000 and the assets at $112,000.

Governor Stephens, of Missouri, has signed the fellow servant bill making railroad companies responsible for accidents resulting from the carelessness of employers.

John P. Green has been elected first vice president of the Pennsylvania railway to succeed Frank Thomson, who was recently chosen president.

Friday, Feb. 12.

There is not a stamp mill working in Alaska now that is not making big returns on the quartz handled.

Fire damaged a business block on Euclid avenue in Cleveland to the extent of $100,000.

Phillip McElhone and Lewis M. Turner, both employes of the congressional library at Washington, have been arrested, charged with larceny of autograph letters from the library. Some of the property stolen was relics of Washington.

The house committee on elections has unanimously authorized a report in the Watson-Black contested election case from Georgia in favor of Black.

The board of trustees of Washington and Lee university has unanimously elected Hon. William L. Wilson, postmaster general, to be president.

The Italian minister has presented new and heavy claims for outrages upon Italian subjects.

Another complaint has been filed at San Francisco against Butler, the alleged Australian cutthroat, by the consul general, J. W. Warburton, formally charging him with the murder of Arthur Preston in Australia.

Saturday, Feb. 13.

It is reported that there is more snow in the mountains of California now than at any corresponding period for many years.

A band of 2,000 elk recently passed near Craig, Routt county, Colo., having been driven out of the mountains by snow.

Andrew Sauer, ex-cashier of the Defiance, O., Savings bank, has been acquitted of the charge of making a false report of the bank's condition.

Linn Boyd Porter ("Albert Ross"), the novelist, of Cambridge, Mass., has succumbed to melancholia and nervous prostration and is confined in a private sanitarium.

The Spanish minister has accepted the offer made by Miss Clara Barton, of the Red Cross society, to go to Cuba to care for the wounded an relieve distress.

It is officially stated that 2,750,000 persons are now employed on the famine relief work in the different districts where the scarcity prevails in India.

Monday, Feb. 15.

The comptroller of the currency has received notice that the Merchants' National bank, of Helena, Mont., has suspended.

The grand jury at Bloomington, Ills., has indicted the mayor of that town for, as alleged, releasing a pickpocket from jail "for a consideration."

Mme. Modjeska, the actress, has been compelled to cancel all her engagements. She is ill with appendicitis, but, her physicians think, will recover without an operation.

Attendance at the bicycle show at New York last week reached the aggregate of 127,000.

Homer D. Martin, the well-known landscape painter, died late Saturday afternoon at St. Paul.

President Cleveland took home to Washington thirty ducks for his days shooting Saturday.

A blizzard, the worst of the season, raged over the northwest Saturday. Minnesota has had over four feet of snow this winter.

Woman's Work

Is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to tone, sustain and renew the wasting of nerve, muscle and tissue. The only remedy for tired, weak, nervous women is in building up by taking a good nerve tonic, blood purifier and vitalizer like Hood's Sarsaparilla. For troubles *Peculiar to Women* at change of season, climate or life, great cures are made by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills do not cause pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

MACHINE LUNCHES.

THE GERMAN AUTOMATIC DISPENSER OF QUICK REPASTS.

The Slot Principle Applied to Restaurants. No Waiters, to Fee or to Swear At—A Good Lunch Basket Scheme Used on German Railways.

Germany is showing the rest of the world how "quick lunches" may be served without employing waiters and how a hungry person may have just what he wants to eat and drink at a fixed price without paying an extra tip and without feeling himself called upon, no matter how particular he may be, to find fault with the service unless he is satisfied to make his complaint to a mechanical contrivance, which differs from some waiters in so far that it makes no pretense of caring a rap or the turn of a handle how uncom table or how badly served the hun ry one may be. The contrivance, which has been perfected by the Quisicana company of Berlin is so perfectly arranged that even those people who object to the manner of washing the cups and plates in the ordinary quick lunch places are deprived of their cause for complaint because every customer may supervise the cleaning of the cup which he will use, and if he is so inclined may attend to the duty himself.

The quick lunch stands are provided with automatic spraying nozzles for cleaning glass and china and insure perfect cleanliness. No rubber tubing is used to conduct liquids, silver tubes being employed for the purpose. The service is run by clockwork.

In place of the ordinary counter there are sets of ornamental cabinets ranged along one side of the room, which have a shelf projecting at a convenient height, upon which glasses and cups are placed. Above these there are faucets and a number of slots to receive the coin. When the customer has decided what sort of a drink he wants—coffee, tea, chocolate or beef tea—he drops the coin in the slot and receives the regulation quantity. The cold drinks—lemonade, soda water and all sorts of "soft drinks"—are kept in glass vessels and the hot drinks in nickel tanks surrounded by a hot water bath, which is heated by gas.

But the establishment is not limited to drinks, and the hungry man may also be served. Sandwiches and cakes are kept in a glass stand, circular in shape, which is covered with a glass bell. Each bell contains about a dozen sandwiches, and the purchaser indicates his choice by dropping his coin into the slot opposite the kind he wants, and the stand revolves sufficiently to bring his sandwich to an opening where he may take it out. Stands similarly arranged provide hot beef, chicken and other meats.

The quick lunch is nothing new in Germany, though, as any person will know who has made a railroad trip between Berlin and Copenhagen by way of Warnemunde. A man who made the trip several years ago said:

"We were coming back from Denmark and stopped at a little place on the German frontier at about noon. Everybody was hungry, and the American contingent was disappointed when the conductor shouted, 'Funf minuten anfenthalt.' We knew that five minutes would not give us time for a meal, and we lost no time in leaving the coach as soon as it was unlocked. Everybody rushed pellmell into the restaurant, where a lot of wire things that looked like old fashioned rattraps were piled up. Everybody grabbed a trap, paid about 25 cents for it and rushed back to the train.

"What looked like a trap was really an ingeniously contrived lunch basket having three compartments. In one was an ample portion of chicken; the next contained sandwiches, and the third a dainty piece of pastry and a small bottle of wine, over which a little drinking glass was fastened. Little salt and pepper shakers and a knife and fork were fastened to the sides, and the whole was covered with a Japanese paper napkin. The fact that we were all hungry and that the whole arrangement was unexpected may have had something to do with our enjoyment of the luncheon, but it was agreed that it was the most perfect of the 'quick' kind we had ever seen. The bottom of the wire lunch basket was covered with a piece of glass, and a paper beneath it bore the request in German, French and English to leave the empty basket with the trainhand."

Managers of quick lunch places say that the automatic restaurant would not be patronized sufficiently to make it pay in New York.

"The main object of the automatic arrangement," said one, "is to do away with waiters and save the outlay on that account. We have accomplished that end by making every man his own waiter, and I believe that breakage in machines, falling off in trade and counterfeit coins would make a change from our present system to the automatic an expensive experiment. As to the quick lunches for travelers on railway trains, much can be done, and no one knows that better than the traveler who is compelled to make a meal of what he can buy from the dealer in pies, apples and sandwiches who hawks his wares through the cars. The buffet and the dining cars have reduced his field of operation, but he is still in business, selling the same old sandwiches to the people who cannot afford to ride in drawing room cars, and to them the quick lunch on the plan of those which they have in some parts of Europe would be a blessing."—New York Tribune.

His Ability.

Fuddy—You say that Biglin gets a salary of $10,000. And there is positively nothing in Biglin—he is not an educated man and he has no natural abilities.

Duddy—Except the ability to get a salary of $10,000 a year.—Boston Transcript.

PRISONER OF HIS FEARS.

Sultan Has Fifty Beds and Lets No One Know Which He'll Occupy.

"The 'commander of the faithful' is of middling stature, rather under than over the average, and of weakly constitution. His countenance has no wicked expression. It is of the Circassian type from the mother's side, but bearing the marks of degeneration. The eyes are haggard, the forehead insignificant and narrow, the eyebrows very thick, forming two great arcs, which coalesce. The large nose dominates the whole physiognomy and is slightly inclined to one side at the lower extremi" ..e mouth is large, the lips thic ..he sultan wears his beard long, and care has sprinkled his hair and beard with silver within the last few years. It is a family tradition among the heirs of Osman to speak in a loud voice. Abdul Hamid's utterance is strident and imperious. It is the voice of a master addressing those whom he regards as his slaves."

Ever since he has been on the throne Abdul Hamid has rarely gone to bed at night to rise in the morning like an ordinary mortal. He seldom retires until dawn, but rises again at 8 o'clock, having spent the night hard at work listening to reports and attending to the affairs of state. When he has nothing else to do, he reads French detective stories, for he has an all pervading idea that conspiracies are being hatched against him, and passes his time circumventing an imaginary conspirator. Nobody knows where he will spend any part of the day or evening. Often he enters a building, and, while the sentries at the door believe that he is inside, he has gone by a back door and to some other building. Moreover, in whatever part of the palace he may be, there is a permanent service of surveillance day and night, and he is constantly accompanied by a score of persons, who organize a special service in the building or apartment where he happens to be for the moment.

Where the sultan will sleep is never known. He possesses more than 50 beds in the different parts of the palace, and these bedrooms are separated from the rest of the edifice by iron doors and furnished with most ingenious and complicated locks. Two superb St. Bernards also sleep outside the door of the apartment in which the sultan may be sleeping, for he knows that four footed guardians cannot be tampered with. Formerly the members of the imperial harem used to move about among the numerous palaces on the Bosporus, but Abdul Hamid put a stop to it. The ladies of the harem never have the benefit of a change of air. Their palace is their prison, and nowhere does phthisis claim so many victims as in the harem of Yildiz.—Contemporary Review

FIELD DIVERSIONS.

A Federal Officer Who Read Novels Between Engagements.

General Horace Porter tells the following anecdote in his "Campaigning With Grant" in The Century: During the ten days of battle through which we had just passed very little relief, physical or mental, had been obtained, but there was one staff officer, a Colonel B——, who often came as bearer of messages to our headquarters, who always managed to console himself with novel reading, and his peculiarity in this respect became a standing joke among those who knew him. He went about with his saddle bags stuffed full of thrilling romances, and was seen several times sitting on his horse, under a brisk fire, poring over the last pages of an absorbing volume to reach the denouement of the plot and evincing a greater curiosity to find how the hero and the heroine were going to be extricated from the entangled dilemma into which they had been plunged by the unsympathetic author than to learn the result of the surrounding battle.

One of his peculiarities was that he took it for granted that all the people he met were perfectly familiar with his line of literature, and he talked about nothing but the merits of the latest novel. For the last week he had been devouring Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." It was an English translation, for the officer had no knowledge of French. As he was passing a house in rear of the "angle" he saw a young lady seated on the porch, and, stopping his horse, bowed to her with all the grace of a Chesterfield and endeavored to engage her in conversation. Before he had gone far he took occasion to remark, "By the way, have you seen 'Lees Miserables?'" anglicizing the pronunciation. Her black eyes snapped with indignation as she tartly replied: "Don't you talk to me that way. They are a good deal better than Grant's miserables anyhow!" This was retold so often by those who heard it that, for some time after, its repetition seriously endangered the colonel's peace of mind.

Like the Ostrich.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—You women remind me of ostriches.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I don't understand you.

"Well, you know, the ostrich buries its head and believes it cannot be seen."

"Yes, I've heard of that."

"Well, you women cover your head with a bonnet and think you are out of sight!"—Yonkers Statesman.

One Better.

Jim Faro—I'm in luck. I got $500 last night on the ace of hearts.

Cracksey Joe—Dat's nothin. A frien o' mine cracked a jewelry crib las' week an got five t'ousand on a tray of diamonds.—Exchange.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions and keeps them in a perpetual calm.

The toothpicks of orange wood, which come from Japan, are made by hand. It is said that a Japanese workman can whittle from 12 to 20 dozen a day.

A BEGGAR'S ARTIST.

LIVES IN A CELLAR AND PAINTS SIGNS FOR MENDICANTS.

He Makes a Good Living and Would Rather Be a Painter For Beggars Than a Beggar Painter—How the Pictures Are Used and What He Charges For Them.

A new school of art has been discovered. So far as known, this city has its sole professor, and he is as odd as his art. But this is the source whence come the thrilling pictures which the beggar, maimed, halt or blind, displays when he mournfully relates just how he was injured and strives to impress upon the charitable how deserving he is of aid.

In one of the shabbiest streets of the city, away down in a basement, a flickering gas flame lights the studio of this queer genius. It is a place of business such as would appall the well dressed banker, but it is no exaggeration to say that its occupant has an income which many more pretentious painters would rejoice to receive.

Technique and perspective meet with small consideration at the hands of this king of the beggars, for such he seems to be. To watch ingress and egress of his patrons would give a stranger the impression that some philanthropist had established a charity hospital in the basement.

When the writer paid a visit to this unique studio the other day, the artist was found attired in a pair of overalls and a greasy woolen shirt, as guiltless of ornamentation at the neck as was the neck itself of acquaintance with soap and water. A bushy beard that had evidently been brown in other days covered the lower portion of the artist's face, and his shocky hair stood up in indignant protest against the possibility of invasion by brush or comb. From under rather bushy brows a keen pair of eyes looked out. Mind was decidedly in evidence; conventionality was below par. Both cleanliness and godliness were quite ignored.

The furniture of the studio consisted of an old couch covered with a material which in days gone by had probably been very pretty chintz. Now it was thoroughly disguised by the accumulation of dirt. A real rag carpet covered the floor, but not a single picture was hung upon the walls, although standing about the room were several pictures in various stages of progress. Permission was asked to examine them, and they were well worth seeing.

One was a lurid representation of a powder explosion. So realistic was the picture that if you cared to place your finger on what were alleged to be burning grains of powder you could feel that the grains were there, though the artist denied that that was the intention. He said the painting was intended for a patron of his with two wooden legs, substitutes for the pair that a powder explosion robbed him of. The object of the painting was to show the charitable stranger just how it happened, and the artist said that in his mind there was no doubt that his legless patron would greatly benefit by the scene thus placed on canvas.

There was another picture, which represented the blowing up of a man-of-war. The flames that spouted from the decks of the unfortunate vessel were far more red than the light that shines from the chimneys of an iron mill at night. Nature has never succeeded in producing anything quite so glowing as unmitigated red paint, and there was no lack of it in this picture. The persons who were sailing about in the air seemed to have suffered frightful injuries, and the artist said that this was purely to invoke sympathy for his customer, who was supposed to be one of the actors in the scene so graphically portrayed.

The price of such paintings varies from $3 to $12. The artist can complete one in about 1 1-2 hours, if he does not hurry. If it is a rush order, the work can be concluded within an hour, though in that case the price is increased somewhat. When asked if he made much money by this sort of work, the artist replied that he did; that he gained more than many painters who were striving to do great things are able to secure. His patrons were generally prompt pay—indeed the usual terms are cash on delivery.

As for embarking in higher art, the artist would have none of it. He tersely remarked that he would rather be a painter for beggars than a beggar painter, and as he waved a goodby there was a contented look on his face, which showed that he meant exactly what he said.—Philadelphia Press.

A Greek-English Pun.

The Watchman records a witticism of the late Professor Kendrick of Rochester university.

Having one day in the classroom remarked tht the Greek preposition "eis" invariably means "into," he was reminded by one of his pupils that a professor in another college had asserted the contrary.

"Well," was the reply, "if that be true, I can only say that he has slipped up on the 'eis,' that is all."

Bricks of 1612.

The first bricks made in this country for building purposes were manufactured by colonists in Virginia in 1612. They were used in the construction of a church edifice at Jamestown and the residence of the governor of the state. A part of the Jamestown church is still standing, and the bricks are in a good state of preservation, showing that the colonists believed in making articles to resist wear by exposure to all kinds of weather.—Boston Budget.

James Crichton, better remembered as "the Admirable Crichton," could read, write and dispute in 12 different languages. He was an expert swordsman, a civil and military engineer, a mathematician, a dramatist, and although but 23 years old at the time of his death he was the master of all the science and learning of his age.

UNCLE SAM'S AUCTION SALE.

Annual Disposal of the Accumulations of the Dead Letter Office.

One of the queerest "institutions" of the national capital is the annual clearance sale of the dead letter office, in which a vast accumulation of articles gone astray in the mails is sold to the highest bidders. The auction house where it is held is continually crowded with excited men, women and children, and beside it the bargain counters during the holidays are as havens of rest, for when Uncle Sam goes into the junkshop business great things are expected. As in the church fair raffle, you pay a small amount of money and trust to luck to get back more than its value. The articles, previously listed in a wholesale sort of way, are tied up in bundles of from three to a half dozen and "auctioned" for what they will bring, the average bids ranging between 10 cents and a dollar.

Nobody is permitted to examine the goods before purchasing, and no money is refunded to the dissatisfied. Everybody hopes to pull a genuine plum from the pie in the shape of a diamond ring, a silk dress pattern or a silver teapot, and although comparative blanks are the rule, there is always the possibility of a prize. For example, the auctioneer holds up one of these odd shaped bundles, listed "pictures, underwear, music, cigars." Going—going—gone—for 90 cents to a dapper young gentleman who was caught by the word "cigar." He opens it on the sport—an unwise thing to do if one objects to good natured ridicule—and this is what he finds: Six cigars, broken into bits with so strong an odor that one wonders how a sledge hammer could have done it; underwear—a female 10 cent "jersey;" pictures—a collection of newspaper cuts designed for amusement of some small child. The lot would be dear at a quarter and is of no use to the buyer.

In the dead letter office proper—that charnel house which swallows nearly half a million missives every month—it is positively harrowing. More than 40 bushels of photographs have accumulated there, awaiting the annual cremation. There are tresses of hair enough to stuff a dozen mattresses, grandmothers' silver locks and babies' golden curls, many no doubt cut from dead brows, and small sums of money which poor workmen send home to feed their wives and little ones, and servant girls save from their scanty wages for needy parents—gone to Uncle Sam's rich purse, not because the United States wants it, but because the senders' writing or orthography was beyond mortal ken. It is hard to realize that in this land of schools, at the close of the nineteenth century, there are so many people so ignorant or so careless as to send several millions of letters a year without stamps or addresses or with addresses which no man can make out. People seem to be so intent on what goes into the letters that they forget all about the superscription. It is estimated that $4,500,000 in drafts and $80,000,000 in cash is received every year through dead letters.—Indianapolis Journal.

COST OF A TRAIN.

The Expense and Profits of Travel on English Railway Lines.

How many people who travel in trains ever think of the cost of running them? It will probably surprise most people who have traveled from London to Edinburgh to know that every mile of the journey costs the railway company over half a crown. The cost of the whole journey from the English to the Scotch capital is £50.

The average cost of running a train in England is 2s. 7d. per mile, so that, the fare being reckoned at 1d. per mile, a train with less than 31 passengers for each mile is run at a loss. There are few trains, however, that do not carry more than this number of passengers, and many of them carry the number doubled many times over. It is necessary frequently to run trains that do not pay—usually in thinly inhabited country districts—but for every train run at a loss probably 100 are run at an enormous profit.

Take, for instance, the journey from London to Edinburgh, which costs the railway company £50. The average number of "through" passengers in these trains is probably 60, in which case the total fares would be nearly £100—a clear gain of nearly £50. When it is remembered that these trains run several times a day, and every day in the year, it will be understood what an enormous revenue a single line yields in the course of 12 months. Supposing the average number of passengers to be 60, the midnight train from London to Edinburgh yields over £20,000 for dividend in a year!

The longest railway journey in the United Kingdom would probably be from Penzance, in Cornwall, to Thurso, in the north of Scotland, a distance of over 1,000 miles. A train running between these two places would exhaust an ordinary clerk's salary for a whole year, the cost being no less than £138.—London Tit-Bits.

To Grow Teeth.

A Moscow dentist has solved the problem of supplying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. Dr. Zamensky has performed several successful operations on dogs as well as human beings. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal, as the case may be.

At the root of the false tooth holes are made. Holes are also made upward into the jaw. The tooth is then placed in the cavity. In a short time a soft, granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position.

It is stated that it does not matter whether the cavity in which the tooth is to be placed is one from which a natural tooth has been recently drawn or whether it has been healed for some years.—Moscow Letter.

IF.

What to me are worlds of splendor
If the splendor of thine eyes
Gaze not in the depths of mine, love,
Where thy image lies?

What are days without thy presence,
What the nights without thy care,
What to me are joys of heaven
If thou art not there?

Passion's kiss on red lips dieth
If the red lips' kiss is cold.
Scanty is the lily's perfume
Till the buds unfold.

There can be no strain of music
Till the player touch the chord
And the master's thought is silent
Till it finds the word.

Worlds would darken into ruin
If the sun should cease to shine.
What are life and love to me, then,
If bereft of thine?
—Emily Selinger in Boston Transcript.

SPOONS.

The Date of Their Origin Unknown, They Are So Very Ancient.

If you desire to know about the scarcity of really reliable data on the history of spoons, take down your handbooks and encyclopedias and see if it doesn't take you a long while to learn anything concerning their origin, "nativity," etc. In fact, the antiquarians do not pretend to give us anything of value in that line. It is admitted that they are "very ancient," but just exactly how old they are and by whom and where they were first used are points upon which we are left completely in the dark. Creighton says, "Spoons must have been a very ancient invention, for a Saxon spoon of perforated silver gilt, ornamented with gems, was found in a grave at Sarre, Thanet."

When forks were unknown, spoons played a very important part at the table. Spoons of the thirteenth century, and even later, had handles terminating in a knob, knot, acorn or other odd and cumbersome devices. About the period of the restoration, of which so much is said in English history, a great change was made in the forms of spoons. In some of the unique patterns the "spoon" part was divided into two, three and even four parts, and the handle always split or twisted and turned up instead of down and back. Spoons of that period were all blunt instead of being pointed as in the forms generally seen at present. They continued short and blunt down to the time of George I, when they were first made pointed and had the handles turned down instead of up.

About the year 1500 what were known as "apostle spoons" were introduced. They were so called because they had the figures of the 12 apostles carved upon their handles. They were generally given by sponsors to children at their time of baptism. The wealthy presented the entire 12, those who could not afford to indulge in such extravagance giving one or more, according as they felt able.

The most curious and remarkable spoon in the world perhaps is a "coronation spoon," preserved among the other royal relics in the tower of London. The bowl is of gold and the handle of silver. The handle is split down the middle and set with all kinds of precious stones. The relic is valued at about £20,000, or upward of $100,000.—St. Louis Republic.

China.

The Matchoorian has always been aware that there were large deposits of coal "in his midst," but he used to imagine that they were under the control of evil spirits, and he therefore would not touch them himself nor allow any one else to. A good deal of that old nonsense has been brayed out of him by recent events—the war and the practical enterprise of the Russians in his territory—and the fields are now being opened. They are abundant and are found all over the country and will have the most important influence in its development. The climate, soil and geographical situation of Manchuria are favorable to the maintenance of a large, enlightened and progressive population, the root of which, in many races interblended through many ages, is already there. With a Russian railroad running through the country and Port Arthur as the outlet and inlet of its commerce, a new chapter of its history will be opened, and the humdrum career which it has pursued since the days of Kublai Khan, and as much further back as anybody wishes to go, may merge into a more active and enterprising one, giving her a new status in the world and a new relation to its affairs.—New York Tribune.

Religions In New Zealand.

The New Zealand Gazette gives the census tables dealing with "Religions of the People." Out of 703,360, the total population, 702,238 gave answers on the census forms. The Episcopalians numbered 281,166; the Presbyterians, 159,952; Methodists (of all kinds), over 78,000; Roman Catholics, over 97,000. The other sects come far below these figures. Unitarians number 375. "Our Father's Church" numbers 80. There is one "esoteric Christian," one "salvation Catholic," one "sinner saved by Grace" and one "Christian freethinker." One is a "Bible freethinker," another "believes in his Maker;" there is one "pessimist," one "natist," one "trnist" and one "heathen." Nearly 16,000 objected to state their position.

A Sudden Change of Mind.

She—Does my refusal really pain you?

He—Yes, it does. I was so sure you would tell me "Yes" I actually wagered $100,000 that you would marry me.

"A hundred thousand dollars? Well, I was only joking. When shall it be, dear?"—Boston Traveller.

The five principal fortresses in Bulgaria are at Rustchuk, Silistria and Widden on the Danube, Varna on the Black sea, and Shumla in the interior.

Edinburgh is 3,275 miles northeast of Washington.

OLD TIME DOCTORS.

The Students Helped Their Teachers In Practical Work.

During the last century in America the medical education of a young student was generally what he picked up by serving as an apprentice to some noted practitioner, which combined the duties of a student with many menial affairs.

He ground the powders, mixed the pills, rode with the doctor on his rounds, held the basin when the patient was bled, helped to adjust the plasters, sew the wounds and run with vials of medicine from one end of town to the other. It was a white day when such a young man enjoyed the rare good fortune of dissecting a half putrid arm. So great indeed was the difficulty of obtaining anatomical subjects that the medical school of Harvard college made a single body do duty for a whole year.

Under such circumstances the doctor's knowledge was practical, and derived from personal experience rather than from books. The advantages of study were sparingly enjoyed. Few physicians boasted of a library of 50 volumes.

His apprenticeship ended, the student returned to his native town to assume the practice of medicine. At that period, with the exception of the minister and the judge, the doctor was the most important personage in his community. His genial face, his engaging manners, the sincerity with which he inquired after the carpenter's daughter and the interest which he took in the family of the poorest laborer made him e favorite for miles around. He knew the names and personal history of the occupants of every house he passed. The farmer's lads pulled off their hats to him and the girls dropped courtesies as he passed. Sunshine and rain, daylight and darkness, were alike to him. He would ride ten miles in the darkest night over the worst of roads in a pelting storm to administer a dose of calomel to an old woman or attend a child in a fit.

The drugs were stowed away on the shelves of the village store, among heaps of shoes, Rohan hats, packages of seeds and flitches of bacon.

The physician was compelled to compound his own drugs, make his own tinctures and put up his own prescriptions. His saddlebag was the only drug store within 40 miles. Each spring the blood must be purified, the kidneys excited and the damsel who fainted profusely bled. Large doses of senna and manna and rhubarb and molasses were taken daily. It was safe to say that more medicine was taken every year by the well than is now taken by the sick in the same time.

Water was denied the patient tormented with fever. In its stead was given a small quantity of clam juice. Mercury was taken until the lips turned blue and the gums fell away from the teeth.

The w... was a vi... whereabout 8 years old, in a raging fever, pleading for water. The nurse handed the pitcher, and the child satisfied her burning thirst. Her brother, overhearing what was going on, rushed into the room, exclaiming, "You will kill her," but it was too late.—American Magazine.

KITCHEN RUN BY CITY.

At Grenoble, France, an Association Serves Good Food at Cost.

Housewives who think the co-operative kitchen is so far in the future that it would be absurd to look forward to it for relief from daily drudgery will be interested to hear that a kitchen with the same end in view as the co-operative has been in successful operation for nearly 50 years. The Association Alimentaire of Grenoble, France, is a purely municipal affair. The city owns it and supplies meals at cost in its own restaurant or delivers them at private homes.

Everything at the Association Alimentaire is as good as money can buy. The cooks are as clever as any in France, which is saying a great deal. The provisions are bought in the best markets and are carefully selected. The service is excellent. The dining rooms are of several grades, according to the furnishings and the attendance, so that all tastes may be accommodated. One may dine there for 3 cents on bread and soup and be satisfied or one may pay 12 cents and have a full course dinner. In the best rooms, which are marble floored and decorated with much elegance, there are waiters who look for tips as naturally as though they were in the swellest of Parisian cafes.

Pure wines, which have been properly aged, are served at about 8 cents a liter.

There is no financial profit to the city in running this huge restaurant, which serves some 15,000 meals a day. The charges are based on the cost of the materials used, the employment of help and the amount spent in keeping the utensils, machinery and building in repair.—New York Press.

That Banshee's Wail.

There is considerable discussion in the English papers about the wail of the banshee which was said to have been heard in East Kerry before the fatal bog moved. A correspondent writes that the late Archdeacon Whately, the celebrated archbishop's son, told him of a certain instance of the banshee's cry. The archdeacon said that he distinctly heard the wail while in an Irish country parish administering the holy communion to a dying man.

Answered.

There is a story of an inquisitive old gentleman who asked a cabman whether he thought that his horse preferred standing still on the rank or drawing the cab.

"Well, sir," replied cabby, "I think, on the 'ole, he'd rather pull the cab. You see, he reads the names over the shop winders and they makes him laugh."—Strand Magazine.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"My Friend From India."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Mr. James O'Neill.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—The Bostonians.

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—"The Mandarin."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Black Sheep."

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"Little Miss Chicago."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ANGLOMANIACAL TRAITORS ENDANGERING AMERICA'S INDEPENDENCE.

many of whom an inscrutable Providence, as Horace Greeley would say, permits to edit American (?) newspapers, are gnashing their teeth with rage at the hanging up of the Traitors' Arbitration Treaty by the United States Senate. Prominent among the Blue Nose rascals who would seek to make the United States once more a British province, is the editor of the St. Paul Pioneer Press—the same fellow so beautifully roasted by the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, in a speech before the Minnesota legislature, week before last. In the Pioneer Press of the 9th inst., the following leading editorial appears:

"The Pioneer Press is advised by its Washington correspondent that there is much danger that the treaty of arbitration will fail to secure the two-thirds vote necessary to its confirmation. If this should be the fate of that great guarantee of peace between the two great English-speaking nations of the world it would be an everlasting disgrace to the senate and to the American people who are unfortunate enough to be represented by such a body. We are told that three elements are opposed to the treaty—the Irish-Americans, the free silver party and the Southern senators who represent a mixture of free silver and swashbuckler jingoism. The Irish-Americans who oppose the treaty probably belong to the Fenian or dynamite sections, who find it profitable to wage an eternal war against England with their mouths. They are not numerous nor influential, and certainly this country is not going to war with England on their account. Outside of Hill of New York, who represents a constituency in which the dynamite element is active in domestic politics, there is probably no senator who would be influenced by this Fenian foolishness. If the treaty is killed it will be by the action of the free silver senators. The ground upon which they are said to oppose it is that in case a free silver policy should prevail in this country they would not want to be embarrassed by a treaty under which English bondholders might submit claims for the amounts of which they were robbed by the repudiation by the government of its implied obligation to pays its debts in gold."

Observe how the venom of the New Brunswick whelp is manifested in his howl against Irish-Americans. He intimates that they only fight England "with their mouths." The dastard could not look any Irishman worth his salt a second in the face and repeat his statement. America is honeycombed with designing catiffs of his kind—the British garrison in America. These creatures are always glib about "Fenians" and "dynamite," and, while they show their dastardly fear of both, at the same time try to belittle the strength and influence of the element they most abhor, because it is their checkmate.

Irish-Americans return the hatred of such fellows with contempt. America is the first care of our people—England of the Blue Noses. Judging by the approval given to the Olney-Pauncefoot proposition by the faithless American press, with a few exceptions, we should say a big hole has been made in the British secret service fund of late. The devotion to England and English interests manifested by some of the editors of our daily press cannot be wholly disinterested. That would be unnatural. England is an old hand at press corruption. She bought up the limited editorial opinion of Scotland before she accomplished her union with that country, and she did the same with the Irish press at a later period. Now, no doubt, she is trying the same game in America. She knows that many American editors are easily influenced, and that a majority of their readers do not take time to think out public questions. Cant goes a long way in this enlightened country. This is an age of "fads," particularly in the United States. A lot of hysterical women fear that war may arise on some question between this country and Great Britain and, reinforced by some unsexed "men," they cry out, like a flock of noisy parrots, "Arbitration! Arbitration!"—forgetting that America has hardly anything to arbitrate about—England almost everything.

We are beginning to think that a war with England will soon be a necessity, if America is to be preserved as an independent nation. The English net is being spread for us everywhere—in the press, in the pulpit, at banquets, where windy gluttons filled with wine eructate laudations of the homely old housewife who is supposed to rule over England. The English are reaching out for us. The Anglo-Americans in general are persons of weak character, with a vicious leaning toward the "mother" country. Fortunately, they are only a minority. The friends of American independence must be on guard henceforth. Strict watch should be kept on most persons born in Great Britain—no matter how long they may have resided here. Andy Carnegie, the Scotch millionaire—who made all he possesses in America—and who was notoriously connected with the Homestead riots, speaking at the Robert Burns anniversary dinner in Springfield, Mass., recently, said:

"This little Atlantic Ocean has become a ferry with its shuttles weaving back and forth. (Note the false metaphor.) Peace and good will existed before this arbitration, and there is something beyond that—race alliance, the whole English-speaking race bound together. Think of it a moment, now. Then is the dream wild? I am going to indulge in prophecy and rival Burns a little. What did the colonies revolt for? For liberty. What did Washington say? They had not declared for separation. They declared for British liberty. We set out for ourselves; good for Britain, good for us. There must come a time when a boy must boss his mother, or he is a milksop all his life. I will tell you how to boss your mother: Kiss her now and then.

"Now consider: What has our race in Europe? Not a particle of affinity for any race there. When England looks for her race she turns to the West. I never yet met a man in England who did not say: 'Fight with you? No! No! No! With Germany? That is another matter.' Consider now the position of Washington, London and the Pacific Coast, with Washington in the centre. Was that for nothing? It used to take representatives from Scotland longer to reach London than it now takes to go from London to Washington. It means not only that our race shall dominate this continent, but that you will proceed from arbitration to race alliance, and from race alliance to common citizenship, and the sun's rays will shine upon the United States of the English-speaking world."

THE CITIZEN says deliberately that Andrew J. Carnegie, judged by his own words, contemplates the subversion of American independence, and is, therefore, a traitor to the Government of the United States. So is every American citizen, whether in or out of office, from the President down to the street-sweeper, who may believe with him, a traitor. Carnegie was a blethering fool to give away his contemplated treason at a public dinner, but everybody knows that Rome was once saved by the cackling of a goose. Let us be thankful that the self-sufficient Scotch body showed his hand so frankly—

We thank thee, Andy, for the word,
It nerves our heart and steels our sword.

Are the American people, so-called, asleep or what, that they see the ground loosening beneath their feet and make no effort to check the underminers? We tell the traitor editor of the St. Paul Pioneer Press, his fellow traitor, Andrew Carnegie, and all the other pro-British traitors, born on British ground or on this soil, which is contaminated by their infamy, that they cannot sell out the independence of the United States to England, or to any other foreign power, before first crushing millions of American citizens who are faithful to the principles of Washington, of Jefferson, of Monroe, of Jackson and of Lincoln. North and South, these millions will shout, in the brunt of battle if necessary—

"Down with the Traitors,
And up with the Stars!"

AMERICA DWARFED BY GREECE.

"'Tis still a watchword to the earth—
When man would do a deed of worth
He points to Greece—then turns to tread,
So sanctioned, on a tyrant's head!"

Thus wrote that noble friend of human liberty, Lord Byron, during the glorious struggle for Greek independence in the first quarter of this century, and his words are true today, and the spirit they embody has lived for nearly thirty centuries. How can we contemplate glorious Greece, otherwise than with admiration which no language can express? "The darts of the Persians are so numerous," reported a Grecian scout before the fight at Thermopylæ, "that they darken the sun!" "Then," answered a Spartan captain, "we will fight in the shade!"

This was the spirit that animated Prince George of Greece the other day, when, addressing the soldiers departing for Crete, where the Greeks are in rebellion against the Turks, he said, "Remember where you are going and that you are Hellenes!" This was as epigrammatic, but not as flamboyant, as Napoleon's celebrated address to his soldiers amid the sands of Egypt: "From the summits of yonder pyramids, forty centuries behold your actions!" The words of Prince George recalled Marathon and Salamis, and inspired that splendid answer to the warning of the trimming "powers" on the succeeding day, after the Greek warship fired upon the Turk, "Greece accepts the full responsibility for all her acts!" These brave words stir all that is noble in the nature of man. They give the lie to diplomacy and place manhood on a pedestal. Greece has shown the whole world how to right a wrong. Like the fusilade of Concord, her cannon shot has been "heard round the world." To give "the world" its due, all of it, but the Englishman, who fears the Russian on the Dardanelles, and the Turk, who foresees dissolution, applauds that shot. If she were not, herself, the Mother of Glory, we would say, Glory to Greece!

How tame and cowardly beside this noble little nation, does the United States, a great, overgrown, commercial, selfish, calculating hulk, appear! Oh, we may as well own up to the fact, we, as a nation, are contemptible by contrast. While Greece, with 2,000,000 of a population, flies to the rescue of Crete, in defiance of the Turk and of Europe, we, 70,000,000 strong, permit our fellow Americans of Cuba to be butchered in our very sight! We allow women, supposely under the protection of our dishonored flag, to be stripped naked and insulted by the common soldiers of the Spanish army! We permit this, and still we brag of our civilization, our humanity, our chivalry! American chivalry is a sham. Some of us make a tiresome fetich of the American flag at home, where it is not menaced, while we permit it to be made a dish rag of, or worse, abroad. It gives protection to nobody abroad—neither to man's life nor woman's honor!

Is it possible that this can be the land of Washington, of Monroe and of Jackson? Is this the land that defied King George, captured Burgoyne and routed Pakenham? The Cuban children butchered on the bodies of their bleeding parents have no voices to make reply, but their gaping wounds answer "No!" The Cuban women, mocked and denuded under the "protection" of the American flag, answer "No!" Humanity, gazing abhorrently on the swollen jowl of the corpulent duck-slayer of the White House, the incarnation of self-sufficient selfishness, answers "No!"

In the presence of heroic Greece, standing in the effulgence of three thousand years of a heroism that has dared, and still dares, all, the United States stands dwarfed and humiliated, because, even with the blood of children and the honor of women appealing to it, it dares—nothing!

MR. E. J. IVORY'S WELCOME HOME.

The return of Edward J. Ivory, on whose liberty the English government recently made a cowardly attempt, to this country from London, was made the occasion of a fine demonstration by his countrymen in the Empire city. He was accompanied by his able lawyer, the Hon. John F. McIntyre, and by the three faithful friends, Patrick Smyth, Patrick O'Rorke and James Wynne, who gave up their positions in New York to go to England and testify in his favor, or do whatever else might be necessary to secure his release from an outrageous imprisonment. The party arrived on the steamer Majestic, and were welcomed by an immense concourse of ladies and gentlemen, who took boats down the bay to meet the long expected vessel. Some of the more excitable of the men, observing the Union Jack of England on the ship, cried "Down with that rag!" and ran up the Irish Tricolor. The English sailors saluted their Jack and gesticulated defiantly at the Irish, who, however, managed to get at the British emblem and hauled it down. The British sailors made an attempt to rescue it from being trailed on the deck, says an Irish Republic account, and the Irish immigrants on board the Majestic became intensely excited and joined those on the visiting boats in frantic cheers. Several shots were fired but, fortunately, nobody got hit, and the tumult finally quieted down, leaving the British second best. President Lyman, of the Irish National Alliance formally received Mr. Ivory, his counsel and friends, and an address of welcome was read by the secretary of the same body, Mr. C. O'Connor McLaughlin. It was an eloquent and manly document and elicited frequent bursts of applause. Brief, but effective, replies were made by Mr. Ivory, Mr. McIntyre and the three gentlemen already mentioned. Rev. Father Murphy, of Boston, also welcomed home the distinguished travelers, and invited them to speak in Boston. Another reception was held at the Potter building, where Mr. Lyman publishes his paper, the Irish Republic. The demonstration was a great success in every way, and the credit of it is due entirely to the officers and members of the Irish National Alliance.

DECAY OF AMERICAN MANLINESS.

At a recent banquet of the Chicago Union League club, there was a plethora of postprandial oratory, and all the orators, or nearly all, harped on one tune—arbitration. We looked in vain for a single manly American expression of thought in the whole dreary flood of gab poured out on that occasion. It would seem that some of our so-called "leading and influential" Americans(?)would condemn our great country to a condition of perpetual Quakerdom, and would make us the Old Woman of the nations—wearing petticoats, like the Delewares of old, to proclaim the loss of our national virility. A peace period of over thirty years has made the muscles of the nation flabby. Manliness has almost disappeared from American councils, whether national, state, municipal or social. The almighty dollar—a little yellow thing hardly discernible to the naked eye—is more than ever the idol of pulpit, press and platform. "A whining solicitude for the preservation of the species," permeates every written and spoken work of the American "public man" of today. One would imagine that this Republic sprang unbidden from the loins of peace, to hear our fuddled epicureans of the "exclusive" clubs splutter over their "walnuts and wine." Every man, aye, and every woman of sense and understanding, too, knows that this Republic is the child of Mars and Bellona, and that every right we possess as a people has been won by the rifle, the cannon and the sword. We cannot forget our glorious pedigree, no matter how many connivers, sycophants and dastards may eructate compliments to England over the banquet boards of the snobbish clubs.

The example of slavery has been set to those creatures by persons in high station. Cleveland is planning a trip around the world—a la Grant—a hippopotamus floundering in the tracks of a lion. He wishes to pave his way for a "gracious" reception in England by surrendering the vital interests of the country so unfortunate as to be cursed by his sway to the tender mercies of a lop-sided tribunal. Bayard, who is the antithesis of his great French namesake, has sold out his country not for a mess of potage, but for a plate of soup. Olney, the Boston dude, is also in the conspiracy to degrade the United States to the condition of British provincialism. Everything in this country, except for the Irish, the Germans, the Poles and other "foreigners," together with the few Anglo-Americans who still preserve a portion of their senses, and who remember history, is tending toward a British connection. Who would have thought of such a thing in 1783, in 1815 or in 1865—the ends of three bloody periods in which the fiendish malignity of England was fully shown toward America?

"Native Americans" frequently accuse "foreigners" of never becoming really American. How false this charge is, is best proven by the attitude of "foreigners" in every war for the establishment of American liberty, the assertion of American dignity and the maintenance of American unity. No "foreigner" proposed to sell West Point to the British. No "foreigner" ignominiously surrendered Detroit to the same enemy. No "foreigner" declared against the righteous American war with England in 1812, as did the Hartford convention, composed of Connecticut Yankees; nor did any "foreigner" hang out blue lights as friendly beacons to the British fleets then threatening our shores. No "foreigner" started the war of the Rebellion. No, the Arnolds, the Hulls, the Davises and the rest were all natives of this soil; and the men most "foreign" in habits, disposition, dress, accent and sentiment in America today are some men born under the starry flag. So, too, with the women. The daughters of the rich Americans are bought and sold for European—particularly English—titles, as truly as were the pretty quadroons and octoroons of the South when the auction block was a common sight in the cities of Dixie Land.

To the "foreigner"—except he be a snob who has come out here to hunt up a stale heiress or to spend his superfluous cash—America seems to be a good enough country to live and die in. Not so with the native flunkey. To him, everything American seems so "vulgah." This country is "too new" to suit his "fawncy." He loves to play the rich "sucker" around London or Paris or at the gambling hells of Monte Carlo. He loves to be the "solid man" in the train of some reigning Nana of the salon or the race track. He becomes denationalized, and finally finds his level as a broken down, bankrupt sport, or else, if he remains rich, he becomes the tolerated bore of some impecunious "fashionable" coterie exiled to "the continent" by the pertinacity of long-suffering tailors and milliners.

American manliness seems to have departed from our high places and, in its stead, we have a benevolent form of hypocrisy, which cries down every noble sentiment that might "disturb the peace" of moral sluggards. God, from the beginning, planted in the heart of man the warlike instinct, not for purposes of murder or plunder, but to protect the right and avenge the wrong, to smite the tyrants and uplift the lave. War, properly applied, is not a curse but a blessing. There are times when nothing but war, and plenty of it, can reconstruct mankind and prevent the world from falling into a fatal lethargy. America is, at present, congested by an attack of moral cowardice, and some blood-letting would not be amiss. We hope when it comes, the clubmen who now make such pacific talks to their "dear cousins" may be placed in the front ranks, just to feel how sweet it is to stop British bullets in their giddy flight.

HONOR TO GALLANT MORGAN.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, deserves the thanks of his country for his gallant and patriotic stand in the Senate against the Traitors' Treaty and for the abrogation of the jug-handled Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which renders us impotent to exercise our rights, according to the Monroe doctrine, on this side of the Atlantic. Vice-President Stevenson and Senator Sherman tried to shut him off on the latter question the other day, but he beat them on a square vote. His success illustrates the truth of Napoleon's observation when Ney accomplished that incomparable retreat in mid-winter, and in the midst of hostile armies, from Smolensk to Orcha, bringing with him not alone his troops but the stragglers, for whom he had heroically waited by the Dnieper, "I would rather have an army of sheep commanded by a lion, than an army of lions commanded by a sheep!" Honor to Senator Morgan, and may he live long to defend America and the right!

ALD. O'MALLEY VINDICATED.

Ald. Thomas J. O'Malley was acquitted of the infamous and far-fetched charge of having been a participant in the murder of Mr. Colliander in an election brawl of two years ago on the first ballot of the jury last Saturday night. John Santry, also charged with the same offense, was acquitted on the fourth ballot. The charge against Ald. O'Malley was so conspicuously false that the jury might have given a verdict of acquittal without leaving the court-room; nor was the case against Santry stronger, except for a few circumstances of suspicion which might easily surround a man entirely innocent, especially when he was the victim of official enmity.

We publish elsewhere a most vigorous editorial from the Chicago Chronicle, which deals copiously with this remarkable criminal case. American editors are unused, in the main, to such rascality, committed in the outraged names of "law and order." But Irish born American editors, like ourselves, are thoroughly familiar with "civilized Britain's" methods in Ireland. The English crown solicitors (states attorneys) in Ireland never had any scruple, or difficulty, in hanging any Irishman accused of killing an English official or a rackrenting landlord or agent, whether he was guilty or innocent. British methods, like everything else British, are making rapid inroads into our once perfect American system of legal procedure. And this is, we are sorry to be obliged to observe, countenanced, if not encouraged, by a formidable section of the American daily press. Some editors, timid in every other arena, are valorous and bloodthirsty in their sanctums, and their motto seems to be—in reverse of Bulwer's famous aphorism—"The *best* use you can put a man to is to hang him!" And these editors abuse without stint every man who counsels caution where the life of a human being is at stake. This is horrible, but it is true. We could name some daily papers in Chicago which have never yet been on the side of mercy, so intoxicated are their editors with distempered ideas of "justice." Their conduct in the case of the Anarchists was fanatically brutal. In a later celebrated case, they violated every rule of fair play, simply because Irish-Americans were chiefly concerned in it. In the O'Malley-Colliander case, some of them were hysterically anxious for the application of the rope, prejudging a respectable man and a good citizen, with impertinent malignity. We really wonder what these editors were thinking about. Perhaps they truly represent the shameless wretches who swore in open court that they would not believe a Catholic under oath. And yet, strange to say, papers of this class are often heavily supported by the very element to which they are most hostile.

The American professional politician is the greatest moral coward in the world. He is, in most instances, afraid to be a man and to act a man's part. He is eternally anxious about what "the press" may say about him, forgetful of the fact that the better portion of the press will be with him, if he acts honestly, and that he need not care a pin for the malice of the other portion, so long as he does what is right, or what he believes to be right. Throughout the O'Malley case, the Chicago Chronicle, in particular, has acted a manly part, and the thanks of the community are due to that able journal for having set an example of fairness that some of its contemporaries might do well to imitate.

THE CITIZEN held unshaken faith in the guiltlessness of Ald. O'Malley from the beginning. It said then, as it says now, that no man who has lived well in the community, and whose every act was an open book for thirty years, could become a villain and a murderer in a single night. And had O'Malley's name not been O'Malley, and had he gone to some other church than the Catholic, the uncharitable portion of the daily press would have taken the same view of the matter.

The murder of Mr. Colliander was an infamous outrage and the perpetrators of it, if caught and convicted, should suffer the extreme penalty of the law, but murderous outrages should not be made a pretext for compassing the death of innocent men, like Ald. O'Malley. For his connection with the case, the state's attorney should resign and strew his bowed head with penitential ashes, for he has certainly lost the respect and confidence of a large portion of the community; his assistant, Pearson, should be promptly dismissed and Inspector Shaack and Officer Michaels should be dropped from the police force. Inspector Shaack used to be an able officer, but his recent conduct indicates loss of intellect. His friends should send him to a sanitarium for the feeble-minded.

THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates Ald. O'Malley on his splendid vindication, and also congratulates the Chicago bar on having within its membership the brilliant Forrest and the forceful Donahoe.

THE EMMET CELEBRATION.

The 119th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet will be celebrated at Central Music hall, on Thursday evening, March 4. Nothing has been left undone by the executive committee having charge of the demonstration to make it a success, and the indications are that there will be, as there should be, when the memory of Robert Emmet is to be honored, a grand outpouring of Irish-Americans on the occasion. The full programme is as follows: Organ Overture, Prof. Purcell; Opening address by the chairman, Hon. M. V. Gannon; Song, Miss Della O'Malley; Song, Mr. J. P. McGrath; Song, Miss Fannie Graham; Recitation, the Rev. J. M. Scanlan; Address of the Irish Nationalists, Judge Walter J. Globons; Song, Miss Edna Crawford; Speech of the evening, subject, "Emmet and his Times," John F. Finerty; Song, Mr. John J. Phelan; Recitation, Miss Maria Casey; Closing Ode, "God Save Ireland," by the audience.

MR. SIMON J. FORHAN'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Mr. Simon J. Forhan, well known as a fluent public speaker and a member of the Chicago bar, was recently appointed third assistant attorney to the Sanitary District Board—a position for which he is well fitted. He was born in the County Clare, Ireland, and came to this country when a very small boy, in 1855, and he has been a resident of Chicago ever since. Mr. Forhan, for some years, followed the profession of an actor, and was connected, as stage manager, with the company of the famous John Dillon and other members of the histrionic calling. Later, he studied law in this city and, after passing a highly creditable examination, was admitted to the bar. He has spoken in many campaigns under the auspices of the Republican National Committee, and always with success. Mr. Forhan, in 1886, married Miss Mary A. Hannigan, daughter of Mr. Patrick Hannigan, a popular old settler and much respected citizen of Chicago. Five children—two boys and three girls—have been born of this happy union. THE CITIZEN gives it cordial congratulations to Mr. Forhan and hopes that his shadow, and substance, may never diminish.

MR. LAWRENCE HENELY.

The fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Mr. Lawrence Henely, the popular County President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, was celebrated recently by a large number of friends who assembled at his residence, Graves Place, to do him honor. Mr. Henely has been a resident of Chicago during most of his life, has ever been prominently identified with leading Irish and Catholic societies; and is a devoted friend of his native land as he is also a loyal citizen of this great country of his adoption. THE CITIZEN sincerely wishes him another half century of hale and prosperous existence.

MR. BRYAN'S INTERESTING BOOK.

The Hon. William J. Bryan's book, "The First Battle," illustrated, is issued from the press of the W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago, and is a handsome volume, containing over 600 pages, replete with biography, oratory, incident and reminiscence. In the interesting biography of the distinguished orator, contributed by his wife, she deals with the subject of his ancestry in the leading paragraph thus: "Within the last few years Mr. Bryan has corresponded with a number of persons bearing the family name. Some of the

Bryans trace their ancestry to Ireland, some to Wales, and others have followed the name through Irish into English history. A biographical sketch written under the supervision of Silas L. Bryan (father of the subject) states that the family is of Irish extraction." The book contains more than fifty illustrations—most of them being portraits of people of national celebrity. McKinley and Hobart are among the celebrities honored with a place in Mr. Bryan's portrait gallery. The work is handsomely bound, well printed, and a credit to the American book making craft.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.

County President Henely, A. O. H., has issued the following circular to A. O. H. delegates who will attend the convention of the Irish-American Council on Sunday:

"By instruction of the County Board it is my duty to inform you that that body rescinded its action at the meeting in January respecting parade to be held St. Patrick's Day, and at its meeting of Sunday, the 14th inst., passed a resolution instructing all A. O. H. delegates to vote against a parade. It was, furthermore, requested that the members of the County Board should be present at meeting on Sunday to see that the delegates act in compliance with the decision of the Board.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
County President A. O. H.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must again request all secretaries of societies, contributors, correspondents, etc., to send their matter to this office not later than Tuesday of every week, if possible. Otherwise their communications may have to go over for one week.

THE marriage of Miss Pauline Brady, daughter of Mrs. Anna Brady, No. 308 Centre avenue, and Mr. Nicholas Foley will take place in Holy Family (Jesuit) church on Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 3 p. m. A wedding dinner for the relatives will follow the ceremony at the residence of the bride's mother.

THE Catholic Women's National League gave a reception to the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan at the rooms of the Columbus club last Saturday. The guests were received by Mrs. M. A. Corkery, President of the League and Mrs. W. P. Henneberry, head of the reception committee. Mrs. Corkery briefly, but effectively, welcomed the prelate, and his Grace made an eloquent response, in which the virtue of charity was extolled. An interesting musical programme was rendered by Miss Alice Gilchrist, Mrs. Mary Prindiville Corse and Mrs. Thomas L. Dee. Four hundred guests, besides members of the League, were present.

AT the annual election of the National Letter Carriers' Association held on Saturday, the following officers were duly elected: President, C. W. Worthington; vice-president, J. E. Hammond; recording secretary, W. J. Convey; financial secretary, Frank McGirr; treasurer, T. J. Garrity; sergeant-at-arms, L. LeBron.

A NEW and elegant altar has been erected in St. Mary's Catholic church, this city. It is a beautiful work of art—one of the most beautiful that ever graced a church in this country.

A DRAMATIC performance for the benefit of the poor was given at the Vincennes club Tuesday evening of last week. The programme, which was highly successful, was rendered by Miss Celeste Walsh, Mr. Harry Kipley, Mr. O. C. Cliffguard, Miss McCamish, Miss M. A. Ware, Mr. Whelan, Miss Josephine Kipley, Mr. William Smith, Miss Jennie Burke, Miss Agnes Norton, Mr. Budd Whelan, Miss Katherine Delaney and Mr. Will Hennessy.

THE following officers were elected by the Catholic Benevolent Legion at its recent annual meeting: President, R. J. Reynolds; Vice-President, W. L. O'Connell; Orator, C. A. Vogel; Chancellor, T. D. Hurley; Secretary, D. L. O'Neill; Treasurer, William J. Fortune; Marshal, James I. Naghten; Guard, M. J. Keane; Chaplain, Rev. L. A. Campbell; Trustees, Henry I. Heckler, A. Holub, John J. Dahlman, Jere Murphy, A. H. Weer. B. McHugh, C. J. Sauter and J. B. Mooney were chosen as members of the finance committee.

Through Rain and Mud.

Gen. Horace Porter draws the following picture of war-time experiences in his "Campaigning with Grant" in the February Century: The continual rain was most disheartening. On May 16 Grant wrote to Halleck: "We have had five days' almost constant rain, without any prospect yet of its clearing up. The roads have now become so impassable that ambulances with wounded men can no longer run between here and Fredericsburg. All offensive operations must necessarily cease until we can have twenty-four hours of dry weather. The army is in the best of spirits, and feels the greatest confidence in ultimate success. . . . The elements alone have suspended hostilities."

In the Wilderness the army had to struggle against fire and dust; now it had to contend with rain and mud. An ordinary rain, lasting for a day or two, does not embarrass troops; but when the storm continues for a week it becomes one of the most serious obstacles in a campaign. The men can secure no proper shelter and no comfortable rest; their clothing has no chance to dry; and a tramp of a few miles through tenacious mud requires as much exertion as an ordinary day's march. Tents become saturated and weighted with water, and draft-animals have increased loads, and heavier roads over which to haul them. Dry wood cannot be found; cooking becomes difficult; the men's spirits are affected by the gloom, and even the most buoyant natures become disheartened. It is much worse for an army acting on the offensive, for it has more marching to do, being compelled to move principally on exterior lines.

Staff-officers had to labor day and night during the present campaign in making reconnaissances and in cross-questioning natives, deserters, prisoners and fugitive negroes, in an attempt to secure data for the purpose of constructing local maps from day to day. As soon as these were finished they were distributed to the subordinate commanders. Great confusion arose from the duplication of the names of houses and farms. Either family names were particularly scarce in that section of the State, or else the people were united by close ties of relationship, and country cousins abounded to a confusing extent. So many farm-houses in some of the localities were occupied by people of the same name that, when certain farms were designated in orders, serious errors arose at times from mistaking one place for another.

OBITUARY.

MR. P. H. LINNEEN.

The community was shocked to find in the Monday morning papers an account of a serious injury to Mr. P. H. Linneen, of 3119 South Park avenue, resulting from having been run over by an Illinois Central suburban train, while he was trying to save two people whom he supposed to be in danger, from meeting the sad fate reserved for himself. On the preceding Wednesday afternoon his daughter, Miss Nellie, was married to Mr. Edward Shea of Milwaukee at St. James' church, this city. Mr. Linneen accompanied his daughter to the foot of the altar and gave her away on that occasion, his friends remarking that he never looked so well and happy. He attended church with his wife, as usual, on Sunday morning and had a drive in the afternoon. In the evening he was compelled to go to St. Louis on business, as he was the Western manager of the Holly Pump Manufacturing Company. He proceeded to the depot at Thirty-ninth street at 9:30 o'clock to meet his train, and there met his sudden and terrible doom. Papers on his person revealed who he was, and he was taken to St. Luke's hospital immediately after being found unconscious on the track. He had been struck by the north-bound suburban and his left foot and face were crushed. The shock proved fatal. Amputation was not resorted to, and Mr. Linneen passed away peacefully in the presence of his widow and two sons at 1:15 o'clock Monday afternoon. Universal sorrow is felt for his death, for a kinder, more generous and charitable man never lived. He was always thinking of the welfare of others, and this amiable characteristic led to his premature death.

Mr. Linneen was born in County Clare, Ireland, in 1843, and came to this country at an early age, his parents settling in Holly, N. Y. As a lad Mr. Linneen was employed on the Erie canal. In 1872 he associated himself with the Holly Pump Manufacturing Company at Lockport, N. Y., and soon rose to a position of responsibility. Subsequently Mr. Linneen came to Chicago as the western representative of the company and during his incumbency he became a director.

Mr. Linneen was married twice, his first wife dying in 1882. He afterward married Miss Nellie Wilson of Brooklyn. His tragic death brought a sadly abrupt termination to the honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. Shea who were in Jacksonville, Fla. He was a prominent member of the Iroquois club, and was a devout attendant of St. James' Catholic church.

Hon. W. J. Bulger says of his dead friend: "I knew Mr. Linneen for thirty-five years as schoolboy, man and neighbor, and he was one of the most upright and conscientious men I ever met. He was of a retiring disposition, and preferred to spend his leisure hours with his family at his fireside." An account of the obsequies will appear in next week's CITIZEN.

MRS. ALICE KINSELLA.

Mrs. Alice Kinsella, 313 Rush street, one of the early settlers of Wisconsin, died at her home in this city Monday morning at 3:30 o'clock. She was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, March 17, 1823. In 1817 the family came to America and settled in Wisconsin, removing to Chicago twelve years ago. Since 1891 she has lived with two of her children, Joseph M. and Alice Kinsella, at 313 Rush street. Four other children survive her—Mrs. James J. Kane, Mrs. James Fitzpatrick, Mrs. John Mackin and Mrs. Anthony Kane. Funeral services were held at the Cathedral of the Holy Name Wednesday at 10:30 o'clock. Interment was at Calvary.

MRS. HONORA MULLIN.

With sorrow, we announce the death of the venerable Mrs. Honora Mullin, wife of John Mullin, the well known shoe manufacturer on Kinzie street, which sad event occurred on Tuesday at her late residence, 1220 Washington boulevard, after a brief illness. Mrs. Mullin was born in the town of Anna, parish of Galbally, county Limerick, Ireland, in 1827. The greater part of her life was spent in Chicago. She accompanied her husband to America in 1850 and settled in Brooklyn, N. Y. Early in 1854 her husband removed to Chicago and engaged in business on Kinzie street. Mrs. Mullin was a devout Catholic, a loving wife and mother, and always charitable to the poor. She never fully recovered from the shock of the sudden death of her only daughter—Mrs. John J. Naghten—about a year ago. Besides her bereaved husband and son, Ambrose P. Mullin, she leaves two sisters, Mrs. B. Ryan of Chicago, and Mrs. O'Donnell of Rantoul, Ill.; also two brothers, Philip Murphy of Chicago, and John Murphy of Rantoul, Ill.

The funeral took place Friday of last week from her late residence to the church of Our Lady of Sorrows, where a solemn requiem high mass was celebrated. At its conclusion Father Quigley paid an eloquent tribute to the life and character of the venerable old lady, and her steady fealty and devotion to the faith of her native isle. Thence the beautiful casket was silently borne to the hearse and, accompanied by a large retinue of carriages, proceeded to the Chicago and Northwestern depot. The interment was at Calvary. The following acted as pallbearers—all relatives of Mrs. Mullin: Capt. James O'Donnell, Edward O'Donnell, John O'Donnell, Chris McGrath, M. Murphy and James Carter. Requiescat in pace.

MR. JAMES MADDEN.

After a somewhat lingering illness, Mr. James Madden entered into eternal rest on Monday last. The funeral took place from the residence to St. Charles' church, where mass was solemnized by the Rev. Father Muldoon. After the services the funeral cortege re-formed and escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were interred. Mr. Madden was thirty-one years of age, and was highly esteemed by his many friends. He was a native of the parish of Cappamore, county Limerick, Ireland, and was a cousin of Michael G. and Roger H. Keogh and Daniel Ryan, three of our esteemed fellow-ditizens.

CARD FROM MR. GANNON.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 18.—Noticing an able letter from the pen of my friend, P. B. Flanagan, taking issue with those who presumed to speak for the Irish citizens of Chicago concerning the mention of Judge John Barton Payne's name as a candidate for an important municipal office, I beg to be permitted to add my testimony to Mr. Flanagan's as to the general worth, ability and broad-mindedness of the Judge. I have had opportunity to observe his course for more than three years, and I am sure that there is not a narrow, bigoted, un-American hair in the Judge's head. He does not trouble himself about nationalities, but looks merely to a man's character and patriotism. There are those among the legal profession who are sore, because the Judge has not looked upon a law suit from their point of view. Judged by that standard, my wounds are still open. Bigotry, intolerance, and proscription are not in the creed of Judge Payne. Boodlers, perjurers and corruptionists need not look to him for any special favors. His election will follow his nomination with reasonable certainty, and all those who desire to be rid a corrupt regime should vote for him. Very sincerely yours,

M. V. GANNON.

Total Abstinence Societies.

The fifth of a series of temperance lectures and entertainments, under the auspices of the Holy Family and St. Monica's T. A. and B. societies, will be given in Sodality hall, corner of May and Eleventh streets, on Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3 p. m., for the benefit of the poor of the parish. The inadequate means at the disposal of the relief committee to supply the severe drain on them for charity prompted the committee to come to their aid, and to that end have listed an excellent programme for the occasion.

Resolutions of Regret.

At the last regular meeting of Div. 36, A. O. H., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Great Father of all to take unto Himself our esteemed Financial Secretary, Brother Bartley Owens; and

WHEREAS, Div. 36 has lost in him an earnest member and efficient officer, his family a devoted husband and an affectionate father; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we tender to the family of our deceased brother our sincere sympathy and earnest condolence in their sad hour of affliction, and we pray heaven, in its mercy, will enable them to bear the burden of their sorrow. Furthermore, be it

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be spread on the records of the Division, a copy sent to the family of our deceased brother, and published in THE CITIZEN and New World.

WILLIAM H. MCMAHON,
P. D. CASEY,
THOMAS FITZPATRICK,
Committee.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester N. Y.*

The Mid-Winter Century.

The Century for February contains three serials, viz., the conclusion of Mr. Marion Crawford's novelette, "A Rose of Yesterday;" the fourth part of Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," and the continuation of Gen. Horace Porter's recollections of Grant in the field. The short stories are "A Man and Some Others," a tale of the Western plains, by Stephen Crane, and "Miss Selina's Settlement," a story of New York society, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. In addition to these there is a touching narrative by W. J. Stillman of the life and death of two pet squirrels. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, who knows New York by heart, contributes an illustrated paper on "Places in New York," the topics of which range from the slums to the opera. "The Battle of Copenhagen," by Capt. A. T. Mahan, is the third of this distinguished writer's studies of Nelson's victories. Another illustrated article having a curious interest is a study of the Siberian Swamp, Vendland, by Charles de Kay. The paper is attractively illustrated by Louis Loeb. "In the Desert with the Bedouin" is the title of a paper by R. Talbot Kelly, who supplies his own illustrations. Mr. Kelly's paper is full of anecdote and incident. A sketch of Samuel Lover, under the title of "The Author of 'Rory O'More,'" is contributed by his daughter, Mrs. Fanny Schmid, mother of Victor Herbert, the musician. Julian Hawthorne contributes a second short paper on Jamaica, entitled "A Tropic Clime," giving graphic descriptions of the island, and with illustrations by Gilbert Gaul. A symposium in the direction of a comparative study of the late war is supplied by Generals S. D. Lee, Joseph Wheeler, E. P. Alexander, E. M. Law, D. C. Buell, O. O. Howard and Jacob D. Cox in consideration of the topic, "Why the Confederacy Failed." The poetry of the number is contributed by William H. Thompson, Charles Crandall, Alice Williams Brotherton, C. G. D. Roberts, Grace Duffield Goodwin, Robert Underwood Johnson and others.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Feis Tighe Chonain Chinn Shleibhe Sonn.

(LEANTA).

"Gairid iona dhiaigh sin ddiun, gur thionóladar maithe na Féinne do chaitheamh bainise Aoife inghion Neoid; agus an tan ad'chonnaire Neoid iomad an bhidhe agus na dighe d'á thabhairt do na conaibh agus do na gioliadhaibh, do bhris an chuil dolthchill* do bhi fá n-a chroidhe, ionnos gur bh'é an treas fear do b'fheárr oineach d'á raibh i n-Eirinn ó sin amach é; agus is é sin éag dom' éagaibh-sa, a Chonáin," ar Fionn.

"Eag eile dom' éagaibh, éadhon, aon do laethibh d'á rabhasa ar mhaigh na Céidhte theas, do chonnaire inghion áluinn loichrothach, agus d'fiafruigheas di créad thug iona h-uathadh i. 'Ag iarraidh fir áttáin,' ar sí. 'Créad an fear?' ar mise. 'Ni bh-fuil fear áirighthe agam d'á iarraidh,' ar sí, 'acht an fear do bhearfas coimhthe dham.' 'Créad an coimthe atáoi tá iarraidh' ar mise. 'Léim tar an g-cloich sin,' ar sí, 'ar h-agaidh.' Do léigeasa m'airm ar lár agus thugas an léim tar an g-cloich gan fuireach. 'Ni h-amhlaidh sin is cóir,' ar sí, 'acht cuir an liag cloiche sin cómh-árd riot fein ar do dhearnán, agus tabhair léim thairse.' Do rinneasa amhlaidh, agus ni thugas riamh léim ba doilghe liom ná i, agus d'fniafruigheas di créad dob' ainm di? 'Eadoin Sléibhe Caein m'ainm,' ar sí, agus adúbhairt sí liom, 'an bhliadhain nach d-tiúbhrainn an léim sin go bh-fághainn bás anbadh;' agus ag sin, a Chonáin, an dara h-éag dom' éagaibh, éadhon, léim tar chloich na Ceidhte gach bliadhain.

"Eag eile dom' éagaibh, mac do mhucaibh Shlánaidhe do mharbhadh gach bliadhain agus a geasa do chomhall, éadhon, gan a goin, agus gan i do sgreachadh ré n-a márbhadh, agus an ti do mhuirfeadh i, d'á b-tomchar go liag a fulachta; agus gan gaoth a d-tuaidh tarsa d'á dóith, agus gach dorus gus a m-béarfaidh i do bheith druidthe ós a cionn, agus gan duine do dhesrmad uimpe i n-aon bhaile an oidhdhe sin: gurab é sin fuasgiadh do cheiste, a Chonáin," ar Fionn.

(Translation)

The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe.

"We were not long thus when the chiefs of the Fenians assembled to attend the wedding of Aoife, the daughter of Neoid; and when Neoid saw the great profusion of food and drink that had been given to the hounds and the servants, the vein of penury which was in his heart burst, and, thenceforward, he became the third most hospitable man that was in Erin. This is one of my deaths, O Conan," said Fionn.

"There is another of my deaths, namely: one day as I happened to be on Magh Ceidhte in the south, I met a beautiful, well-shaped young maiden; I asked her why she strayed alone. 'I am in search of a husband,' she replied. 'What description of a husband?' asked I. 'I seek no particular man, but one who will grant me certain conditions.' 'What condition do you requ[illegible]' asked I. 'To leap over that stone just before you,' answered she. I cast my arms of war on the ground, and leaped over the stone without delay. 'It is not proper to perform it in that manner,' said she, 'but place this stone, equal to yourself in height, upon the palm of your hand, and then leap over it.' I did so; and I never felt greater difficulty in making a leap than on that occasion. I asked her what was her name. 'Eadoin of Sliabh Caein† is my name,' said she; and she told me that the year in which I should neglect to make that leap I should die a violent death. Therefore, O Conan! that is the second death of mine, namely, (to the neglect) to leap over the stone of Ceidhte every year. Another of my deaths (i. e. another duty the neglect of which would be a cause of death to me) is to kill one of the hogs of Sianaidhe every year and preserve its *geasa*, namely, not to wound it, and to take care it should not screech while being killed; and that he who kills it should carry it to the place of cooking; that the north wind should not be allowed to blow over it, lest it (the carcase) might be scorched; and that every door to which it may be carried should be closed against it, and that no person in one town should be forgotten in the course of the visit on that night. So now you have the answer to your question, O Conan," said Fionn.

*Cuil dolthchill—literally, fly or grub of penury.

†Eadoin Sléibhe Caein, was a powerful fairy princess whose name occurs frequently in Irish folk-lore.

(LE BHEITH LEANTA).

IRISH-AMERICAN COUNCIL.

There will be a meeting of the Irish-American Council on Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2 p. m., in Fitzgerald's hall, corner of Halsted and Adams streets, to make arrangements for March 17. Societies are requested to send three delegates.

JOHN FOLEY, President.
FRANK CONROY, Secretary.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

Blushing Is a Disease.

The doctor who says that blushing is a nervous disease may be all right, but many would like to see the ailment more prevalent. Blushes are a good thing, but no one has any reason to blush for St. Paul & Duluth Railroad, for its equipment is always of the latest and best, and it is always in the foremost rank. This is attested by the wide popularity enjoyed by the Duluth Short Line among those who travel between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls and other important Northwestern points, and this popularity has never weakened for an instant. Fast, luxurious trains running smoothly at convenient hours, are appreciated by the general public, and the results tell their own story. For circulars, maps, time tables and general information, apply to ticket agents or write to W. A. RUSSELL, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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Telephone Main 4224. CHICAGO.

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79 DEARBORN ST. SUITE 541-3.
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P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 611 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE McCORMICK, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine McCormick, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1897, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 17, 1897.

DANIEL McCORMICK, Administrator.
P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF EMMA MARSHALL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Emma Marshall, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1897, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 17, 1897.

FREDERICK MELCHIOR,
Administrator, with the will annexed.
P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

M. J. MALONEY, ATTORNEY, ROOM 308 KEDZIE BUILDING, 120 RANDOLPH-ST.

ESTATE OF PATRICK O'DONNELL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick O'Donnell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1897, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 13, 1897.

BRIDGET O'DONNELL,
Executrix, with the will annexed.
M. J. Maloney, Attorney.

If you want anything in Green Goods for
ST. PATRICK'S DAY
UNIFORMS, FLAGS, BADGES, BANNERS, SHAMROCKS or HALL DECORATIONS,
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Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

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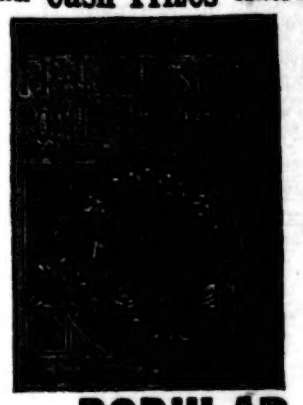

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FOLLOWING SUIT.

One springtime day a gentle maid
A-down the garden pathway strayed
That wound the shady orchard through,
And, thinking of her eyes of blue
And tender glances, sweet and true,
I followed suit. Pray, wouldn't you?

A saucy breeze that chanced to stray
Along that fragrant garden way
Swept back her wavy, golden hair,
Surprised to see a maid so fair,
And sighed for love such charms to view.
I followed suit. Pray, wouldn't you?

A ray from out the sunlit sky
Espied the maid as she passed by
And rained his kisses, soft and warm,
On hair and neck and snowy arm
And cheek of apple blossoms hue.
I followed suit. Pray, wouldn't you?
—Chips.

THE PINK SHEEP.

To judge from the laughter which came from that end of the luncheon table, the party sitting there were enjoying themselves. Some of the other people in the room wished they could have heard the mirth provoking remarks, and yet there was no great display of wit. Mr. and Mrs. Kibble White were in high spirits, for it was the second day of their holiday, and they were prepared to laugh at anything. Mrs. Yates, with madame, had arrived in Boulogne only on the previous day, but she had a knack of making personal remarks about the other visitors at the hotel that had quickly established a sort of intimacy between her and her neighbors at table.

They were discussing a man of five and thirty who sat rather near them.

"I think he's English," said Mr. Kibble White.

"Impossible!" remarked madame. "He is too stolid, too unintelligent to belong to your great nation. He is a German."

"No, he can't understand English," said Mrs. Yates, "for I am sure he must have heard our conversation, and his face has never changed."

"I hope he doesn't understand it, for you have been rather rough on him. Let us listen to his accent when he speaks to the waiter," suggested Mr. Kibble White.

"No need," cried Mrs. Yates. "I am sure he can only say 'Baa!' Don't you see he is not a man, but just a great pink sheep?"

The party laughed, and the stranger was nicknamed the Pink Sheep from that moment.

At the table d'hote that evening the laughter was almost entirely subdued. Mrs. Yates and madame soon adjourned to the drawing room, whence they were followed by the Kibble Whites and by the Pink Sheep, who ensconced himself behind a book.

"You have no doubt noticed that Mrs. Yates is somewhat depressed," said madame, "and I am not surprised at that, for she had her pocket picked and lost more than £25."

The Kibble Whites expressed their deep sympathy, and after describing the [illegible] which the loss [illegible] occurred [illegible] while still about watching the [illegible] of the English boat Mrs. Yates grew communicative and told of her great disappointment. It was impossible to continue her journey. She was on her way to Brindisi to meet her husband, who was coming home from India seriously ill. Her anxiety to meet him was greater, for she had parted from him in anger, caused by jealousy. She had just learned her suspicion had been entirely unfounded.

And now she would go no farther, for, acting on madame's advice, she had taken a ticket only as far as Paris, and, being very badly off, she could not afford to borrow the necessary money, even had there been time to do so.

"Why didn't you let her take a through ticket, madame?" asked Mrs. Kibble White.

"Indeed I wish I had, for now she could have gone on, but I feared the people in London would cheat her, and, since I know the manager of a tourist agency in Paris, I felt she was sure to be properly treated if she took her tickets from him."

"You are oversuspicious, madame," said Mrs. Yates. "Last night, when we went to the casino, you wanted me to give you my watch and jewelry to take care of, and yet, you see, no one attempted to take them."

"And you are perhaps too confiding, Mrs. Yates. You see, if you had given me your money to keep for you, you would not have lost it."

"I am not so sure of that," said Mrs. Kibbler White, looking hard at the last speaker.

"What do you mean by that remark?" asked madame indignantly.

"I mean that I do not see why the money should have been safer in your keeping than in Mrs. Yates."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Madame rose and went out. As soon as she had left the room Mrs. Kibble White asked:

"Do you know her very well? I don't like her eyes at all. I should not trust her. Who is she?"

"Oh, I think she is all right. She is the Marquise de Montereau."

"Then why has she put her name in the visitors' book as Mme. Camboux?"

"She said she liked to travel incognita, because if people knew her they would charge her more than at hotels."

"She does not look like an aristocrat, her dress is so untidy. And have you not noticed the high water mark on her neck?"

"Oh, these foreigners have such odd characters!"

"I should say, by the look of her, she had none," said Mrs. Kibble White.

Then Mrs. Yates explained how she had answered an advertisement in The Morning Post, in which a foreign lady of rank asked another lady to join her in a journey to Naples. She told how madame had promised to give references to two or three well known members of the English aristocracy, but they were all out of town.

"I think you were lucky not to have given her your jewelry last night, or probably you would have lost that as well as your money," remarked Mrs. Kibble White. Then began a discussion as to what could be done to discover whether their suspicions were well founded, but it seemed impossible to take any steps without something more definite to go upon. Meanwhile, the Pink Sheep, who had finished his chapter, took a cigar from his pocket and was cutting off the end.

"I believe that beastly German sheep is going to smoke in the drawing room! Tell him we won't stand it, dear," cried Mrs. Kibble White.

"Defense de fumer," said her husband excitedly, pointing to a notice on the wall.

The Pink Sheep smiled, bowed and left the room. Crossing the passage, he walked up stairs. His footfall was silent upon the thick carpet, and on reaching the first landing he saw a female figure turn out the electric light. He paused a moment; then, walking cautiously, he went to his room. In the doorway he met a woman, and, seizing her by the wrist, forced her back, locking the door after him. When he had struck a light, he recognized madame.

"I beg your pardon," she said in French. "It is so dark in the passage I have mistaken my room. I must complain that they are so economical of the light."

"If you dislike the darkness, why did you turn out the electric light?"

"I turn it out! What an idea! You are dreaming!"

"And yet my eyes are very wide open, but I am glad you have come. I want a few moments' conversation with you."

"With me! You evidently mistake. I am the Marquise de Montereau, and I do not know you."

"That is possible, but I know you, and what I want to tell you is that you must return to Mrs. Yates the £25. I suppose the purse is not now recoverable."

"How dare you accuse me of such an action! You must be a madman; for surely no sane man could be guilty of such insolence."

She rose to go, but, with a gesture, he stopped her.

"Call the hotel keeper," he said quietly, "and if you are aggrieved, make a formal complaint against me. In the meantime, you may know that you will not leave this room until you have restored the money."

She sat down scowling at him, and threatening condign punishment for this indignity.

"Don't be impatient and I will tell you shortly an experience which happened to me," he said, establishing himself comfortably in an armchair. "You don't object to smoke, I think? Very well. Two years ago (lighting his cigar) I was in a small hotel in Lucerne." He looked up suddenly at her, and the corners of her mouth twitched involuntarily.

"There were two maiden ladies there," he continued, "named Jackson or Johnson, traveling with a companion, a Mme. Cambrat, who had answered an advertisement and accompanied them in the capacity of a sort of female courier. She hired the rooms, looked after the luggage, planned their route, and, in short, was very useful to them. Unfortunately, on one occasion when she was carrying a small bag containing about £40 in gold on a crowded steamer upon the Lake of Lucerne, some villain contrived, with a sharp knife, to cut a hole in the bag, through which the money was abstracted. She was very unfortunate, this poor Mme. Cambrat. Her despair was pitiable; she spoke of her carelessness, and promised to work her fingers to the bone to repay the money to these kind Jacksons—or was it not Johnson?

"They, however, did their best to console her, and, being unable or unwilling to spend any more money on that tour, they paid for her ticket back to Paris and returned home some weeks earlier than they had intended. I did not know all this at the time. I only learned it from them about two days later, when I happened to make their acquaintance in a railway carriage. Their narrative interested me much, for it enabled me to explain the circumstances, which had seemed strange.

"Now, I am going to make a confession. I did a mean thing in that Lucerne hotel. I happened to wake in the night. Noticing an odd sound and seeing the keyhole of the adjoining room shining like a bright spot in the darkness, I crept softly out of bed and looked through. There I saw a woman in rather scanty clothing. Did I turn away? On the contrary, I kept my eye at the keyhole. It was indefensible, I admit, but curiosity got the better of me, and I saw a very strange thing. On the table lay an open case of surgical instruments, and this woman was cutting part of a morocco purse into strips, then burning them one by one in the flame of the candle. It was a tedious process, and I now got tired of it and crept back to bed."

"All that this story proves is that you are a mean spirited, shameless fellow, and I know not why you weary me with it," said madame, trying to look dignified.

"But now comes the entertaining part," resumed the Pink Sheep, "for I recognized this woman as Mme. Cambrai, the companion of the Misses Johnson—I think it was Johnson—and you can fancy that I am, if not actually pleased, still much interested to find her at Boulogne, passing under the somewhat similar name of Camboux, in the company of Mrs. Yates, a lady who has mysteriously lost a purse containing a considerable sum. Nor is my interest lessened when I see her turning out the electric light and paying a visit to my private room."

"You have told your story, and I now understand how through being deceived by some fancied resemblance to a woman you have once seen through a keyhole, and meeting me just as I have made a mistake in my room your suspicions have been, not unnaturally, aroused. Still, if you are the chivalrous gentleman your appearance proclaims you to be, you will accept the word of a lady when I assure you that I have never been to Switzerland and that I have never used the name of Cambrat, and you will permit me to pass out."

"That is not my intention. You are in error when you say I saw the woman only once through a keyhole, for the lady with the surgical scissors sat opposite to me both the day before and the morning after passing her night in the unusual operation I have described. Nor have I the least intention of letting you leave this room until you restore to Mrs. Yates the money you have stolen from her."

At these words madame completely changed her tone, and replied, in a low voice:

"Certainly the name of sheep, which your protege, Mrs Yates, so aptly bestowed upon you—for you must have heard her if you understand English—is most applicable. You must be a silly sheep indeed if you think that, granting I had stolen the purse, I should be afraid of risking my liberty—to say nothing of the money—when you have no evidence whatever to connect me with the theft."

"As to your risking your liberty, you can be easy upon that score. I am not your judge, nor do I take upon myself the task of bringing the dishonest to punishment, but there is a countrywoman of my own in great distress through your act. She is a foolish woman no doubt, and her remarks about me were not complimentary, but that is no reason why I should not help her out of the difficulty into which you have brought her."

"Ah," said madame, raising her eyebrows, "how stupid I am not to see your hope to get your share of the money, but then with that face how could I ever read your true character? Let me tell you, however, you, too, are a poor physiognomist if you think I will give you anything."

"We shall see. I do not care to waste further time in explanation, and I give you two minutes to hand over the money." So saying, he pulled out his watch.

"And I tell you at once you can call up the hotel keeper and do your worst, and you will then learn that it may be a dangerous business to make a charge without a tittle of evidence to support it."

The Pink Sheep looked at her steadily for a moment. "I think you are not French in spite of your good accent. I may be wrong, but I should take you for an Italian. Still, I assume you know something of the French law. In another minute I shall ring the bell and tell the servant to ask a gentleman from the bureau of police—who must be here by this time, for I sent for him immediately after dinner—to come up stairs. I will say to him: 'Here is a lady whom I have found in my room. All I know of her is that in Switzerland she passed under the name of Cambrat; in London she calls herself the Marquise de Montereau and at this hotel she inscribes herself as Mme. Cambroux.' You probably know that you will be arrested and detained until inquiries can be made. Your luggage will be searched, and no doubt your interesting case of instruments will be found."

Madame had turned very pale. She lifted the skirt of her dress, and, finding a concealed pocket, she drew forth a handful of gold, which she handed to her antagonist.

He took the money and counted it slowly.

"There are only 13 sovereigns here," he said, "and I want 12 more."

"But how do I know that you will not denounce me when you have them?"

"For that I give you the word of a pink sheep—an animal that is not given to lying. Nay, more, I promise that I will not return the money to Mrs. Yates before 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, so that you may be miles away from Boulogne before she knows that the suspicions she already entertains are well founded. In case she should be vindictive and anxious to have you punished, there is time for a woman of your resources to disappear."

Reluctantly madame produced the remaining sovereigns. As she passed to the door, which was now opened for her, she said, "I don't suppose you are going to be fool enough to give the money to that empty headed Mrs. Yates; but, in my case, I rely on your promise not to do so before 9 o'clock tomorrow."

The Pink Sheep made no answer.

That night madame contrived to pick a quarrel with Mrs. Yates. She left the hotel, saying that she would not pass another hour under the same roof with her, and declaring that she would take the night boat to London.

The next morning, when Mrs. Yates was at breakfast with the Kibble Whites, a small, heavy packet was brought to her by one of the chambermaids. She opened it and found a rouleau of 25 sovereigns, with the following note:

MADAME—You were right. Your traveling companion is a swindler. Before she left I forced her to return your money, which I now inclose. If it is any consolation to you, you may rest assured that she will perpetrate fresh thefts, and so inevitably fall into the hands of the police. In sending you your money I take the liberty of offering you a little advice, which you will accept or not, as you think fit:

First.—Below you will find particulars as to your route to Brindisi, with times of trains, information where to get your meals, etc. I advise you to start this day. If you follow these directions, you will not need to rely upon chance companions.

Second.—Never believe an advertisement without corroborative evidence.

Third.—Judge less hastily. Had you done so, you and your husband might have been saved many an unhappy hour.

Fourth.—Take for granted when traveling that every one understands all modern languages, and if you wish to make personal remarks do so in a lower tone. Some people might resent such things more than yours faithfully. THE PINK SHEEP.
—St. Paul's.

He Takes the Prize.

"You're mistaken in saying that Tightly is the meanest man in the state."

"No, I'm not. He hired me for a year as a conductor on that electric railroad of his at starvation wages and then made me pay full fare every trip."—Detroit Free Press.

A GEORGIAN BEAUTY.

HOW SHE FOOLED THE NEW YORK MUSEUM MANAGER.

He Paid Her Father $100 Advance Money, but They Tricked Him—He Got One That Was Genuine, However, if She Did Have to Be Painted and Powdered.

"Perhaps I don't look it," observed Mr. William Fox as he tilted his chair against the wall of the parlor in his home on Pine street and laughed softly as he looked at his friends, "but I used to be in the dime museum business and have probably manufactured as many ossified men and petrified Aztec giants as any one in the business.

"But that is not my story—just a sort of reason the story should have occurred. I will not mention the name of the museum because I haven't long been away from it and I might go back there some time. About a year ago a rival museum—both in New York, you understand—seemed to be getting more patronage than we, and the manager of our concern was much disturbed. One of the features of this museum, and one which drew the largest crowds, was a Georgian beauty, so called. She had a wonderful bunch of chrysanthemum hair and she was as pretty a thing as ever grew in Ireland. Her brogue off the stage was a revelation, but she never talked when sitting for the admiring gaze of the audience.

"'Fox,' the manager said to me one day, 'we've got to do something to queer that other place. You know that alleged beauty they have? Aside from that brogue of hers a Circassian or a Georgian never had blonde hair unless it had been bleached. You take the first steamer across the pond and get a genuine Georgian beauty, and be sure her hair is black, for that is the color of every native Georgian's hair. We'll get the words of a few scientific gentlemen on the subject—men who are well known—and show up the other people and increase the attendance at our own place.'

"That's how I came to go to Europe, and though Georgia, as you doubtless know, is in Asia, I did not have to go that far. Vienna was the end of my journey. I reached there one morning and proceeded to a hotel much frequented by Englishmen and Americans.

"That evening I heard an unearthly noise down stairs, and, as it was early, I went down to investigate. Over in a corner I espied the source of the noises. It was an orchestra—that is, they said it was—and to my surprise I found that the musicians were all Georgians. I wouldn't have been surprised to have found gypsies, but I afterward found out that bands of Georgian musicians are frequently met with in Europe. They love music, but few can play better than a hair lipped man can whistle.

"Among them was a girl who was very pretty. She had the large eyes, small hands, little body and the abundant black hair of the native Georgian, and I resolved to get her for my show.

"The orchestra seemed to be a sort of family affair, the only stranger in it being a handsome young man, who played a trumpet that had no keys. I addressed the father, who spoke English and half a dozen other languages indifferently, and made a very liberal offer for the rental, so to speak, of his daughter for the season. He insisted that I give her $100 in advance. I figured that hiring her would save the additional expense of the trip to Tiflis, and the morning before we had arranged to depart I gave her the advance money. She showed it to the young man of the company, who, so they told me, was her lover. They had a long talk and kissed, and I supposed everything was all settled.

"The next forenoon I went down to call on my new property and tell her that we would start that evening for New York. I was met by the father. He was calm. Very much so. He informed me that Pride-of-the-Sun—they give their girls such names—had married her lover after I had left them the preceding night and had gone away, but I could have Sweet Darling. Now, Sweet Darling had no business with a name like that. She was not good looking, and her hair was not to be compared with her sister's, and accordingly I kicked. I had paid $100 for a girl and I had to have somebody, so I compromised on Sweet Darling. She was 40 if she was a day, but I had been in the business long enough to know that paint and powder would remedy that.

"Soon after I got back to New York I got a letter from the landlord of the hotel saying that the girl I had bargained for was back with the orchestra and explaining that the father of the happy family was indulging in hearty laughs at the way he had fooled me. He had simply sent the girl to another hotel to wait until I had gone. She was too valuable in the musical organization to be allowed to go and her beauty drew too much into the treasury of the family to allow of her loss. He wanted that $100, though, and so put up that job on me. Darling couldn't play for sour grapes and her loss was easily supplied. However, we made a success out of her in the museum with the assistance of paint and powder and the manager's plan worked to perfection."—Chicago News.

A Child Wonder.

The French Academy of Sciences, in 1799, examined the case of a French lad, only 7 years old, who, in all respects save that of intelligence, was the equal of a man of 20. His remarkable physical development began when he was 2 years old. At 4 he could do the farm work of a boy of 15 or 16, and at 7 he was a fully grown man. Although his physique was thus remarkably developed, his intelligence was no greater than that of children of the same age. He died before he was 20. As is usual in such cases of premature development, his strength faded away, and he became prematurely old before other men would attain maturity.

CARVED FACES.

South Sea Inhabitants and Their Peculiar Ideas of Beauty.

Tattooing must be counted among the most remarkable customs arising from the instinct of personal adornment.

Major General Robley has devoted a good sized volume to the practice as pertaining to the New Zealanders. The Maori tattooing, known to them as "moko," is a kind of face carving. The process is very painful and the patient is generally ill for some time, suffering terribly from fever and swelling in the wounds, but he is consoled in the midst of his worst agony by reflecting upon the probable effect of the new adornment in terrorizing his enemies and fascinating the fair sex. During his retirement his relatives and friends come in large parties to see him and chant verses set aside for such occasions, praising the beauty that will be his when the moko is complete.

This custom seems to have insinuated itself into the songs of the people to a large extent. The following verse is taken from Sir George Gray's collection of Maori legends. The brother of the celebrated Te Henhen laments his death in these words:

Turn yet this once thy bold, athletic frame,
And let me see thy skin carved o'er with lines
Of blue, and let me see thy face,
So beautifully chiseled into various forms.

In addition to the moko on their faces, the New Zealanders have their thighs stained entirely black, with the exception of a few narrow lines. This, according to Captain Cook, gave them the appearance of wearing striped breeches.

The women are tattooed only about the mouth and chin, and sometimes across the lips, which the Maori standard of beauty demands shall be very full and painted blue.

The instrument used by the moko artist is very much like a small chisel, about a quarter of an inch in width. The blade was driven into the flesh by means of a sharp tap with a little mallet. It often penetrated quite through the cheek, so that smoke from a pipe would issue forth. Flax dipped in pigment was applied to the incisions, and the work was finished and left to heal without medical or any other attention.

This Maori tattooing gave rise to the remarkable traffic in dried heads that became such a scandal that it was stopped by legislation in 1831.

Mokomokai is the name given by New Zealanders to dried heads. When a man dies, his head is cut off and dried. It is highly prized as a memento by his friends. In time collectors come to offer tempting prices for the heads, valuing the specimens according to the moko upon them. This created such a demand, it is said, that many a battle and predatory expedition have been undertaken expressly to obtain choice tattooed heads. Finally it became a very dangerous thing for a man to be the proud possessor of well done moko. Only the great chiefs were exempt from momentary risk of death, and even they often fell victims to a combination of private grudge and cupidity.

Major General Robley tells of a certain captain who wished to purchase a head. The chief and a number of his people came on board the vessel to bargain. The specimens that were exhibited did not meet with the captain's approval. The chief admitted that the moko was not very choice; but, pointing to his men, he told the purchaser to pick out any one that suited him, and when the vessel returned the head he chose should be dried and ready for him.

The origin of the fashion of wearing patches has been attributed to the following circumstance: Once upon a time the wives of the Scythian officers became jealous of the beautiful Thracian captives their husbands had brought from the wars. So, when their lords and masters were away, the angry dames caused designs of sun, moon and stars to be pricked on the faces of the Thracian women, hoping to make them hideous. But, contrary to expectation, when the Scythians returned they greatly admired the dark blue tracery, which set off the delicacy of the rest of the skin to such advantage that they compelled their wives to adopt the fashion.

Factory Wages In Russia.

As for the distribution of wages, the pay of a woman amounts to three-quarters of that of a man, that of a boy or girl of 12 to 17 years to one-half, that of a child under 12 years to one-third of a grown man's wages. The advantage arising for the factories from women's and children's wages is such that no humanitarian attempts have been as yet able to solve that harassing problem in any civilized country. But as the wages of workingmen in Russia are absolutely reduced to a minimum, and scarcely sufficient to keep soul and body together for more than 13 hours' daily toil, it is a cruel and gross injustice to cut working women's wages by a third, since the first necessaries of life are alike in men and women regardless of sex. The monthly wages of an adult laborer, man or woman, in England are 2¼ times (124.05 per cent), in America 4 4-5 (379.14 per cent) times, greater than the wages of a like laborer in the Moscow factories. Since, however, the duration of working time in the three countries is different, Mr. Dementieff has reduced the comparison of wages per hour and come to the conclusion that wages in England are by 284.5 per cent and in Massachusetts by 423 per cent higher than those in the Moscow factories. If we make a good allowance for the higher cost of living in America—which, however, is to be understood cum grano salis, only the luxuries of life being dearer here, not the necessaries like meat, flour, bread—still no comparison can be drawn between the mode of living of an American and a Russian laborer.—Catholic World.

Sharp Retort.

First Boy (contemptuously)—Huh! Your mother takes in washin.

Second Boy—O' course. You didn't suppose she'd leave it hangin out at night unless your father was in prison, did ye?—Strand Magazine.

Sharks and Men on Good Terms.

"I saw an article about the unusual number and voracity of the sharks along the Florida coast," remarked a gentleman, "that interested me exceedingly. It brought an incident to my recollection that I had almost forgotten. It happened when I was making a trip on a sailing ship many years ago along the coast of India, and you know what a place for sharks the Indian ocean is. Well, we had occasion to drop anchor off an island near Ceylon and sent a boat to the shore for a supply of fresh water. I accompanied the boat and was really scared out of my wits to witness the incredible number of man eating sharks that played about the yawl. When we had secured a barrel or two of water, we put off, accompanied by two of the natives, who wished to see the ship. We told them not to come, but they insisted, saying, or indicating by signs, that they would swim back. Not taking them seriously, we pulled to the ship. The water was smooth, and we were hoisted aboard without difficulty.

"The water was clear, and we could see dozens of huge sharks playing about the ship, and it was among the lot that the natives plunged when they had seen enough. They went without warning, and I ran to the side of the vessel, expecting to see the hazardous fellows torn to pieces. For an instant there was no commotion among the sharks, and then, apparently scenting human flesh, fully a score of the gigantic man eaters darted through the water in the direction of the natives, who were swimming quietly for the shore. The water was cut into shreds by the fins of the sharks as they fairly flew toward the swimmers. In another minute the two men were surrounded by the fish, and I closed my eyes to avoid seeing their horrible end. When I took down my hands, the natives were swimming along in the same old way, and the sharks were coming back to the ship as quickly as they had gone. Well, sir, don't you know that the fish were so well acquainted with the islanders that they never touched them? They had been reared in the same water and were old friends."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Gratitude of Wild Beasts.

Apropos of how Wallace, one of the fiercest lions at the New York zoo, has a decayed tooth extracted, The Pall Mall Gazette recalls a more difficult operation which was successfully performed in the zoological gardens, Dubliu, a few years ago. One of the finest tigers in the collection was threatened with gangrene in its paw, the claw having become distorted and grown into the foot.

The Rev. Samuel Haughton, M. D., senior fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, and a well known personage in the Irish metropolis, undertook to perform the dangerous experiment of operating on the paw.

The mate of the tiger was first secured in a side den. A net was thrown over the tiger, and he was drawn forward to the door of the cage. Four stout keepers then held the feet of the struggling animal while Professor Haughton cut away the diseased claw. The suffering beast furiously endeavored to get at him during the operation, but the rage of the tigress looking on through the bars of the side den was much more terrible. She roared and flung herself violently, again and again, against the barriers in her mad desire to go to the rescue of her mate.

When the tigress was admitted to the cage after the wound of her mate had been dressed and the net removed, she turned up the paw and examined it with touching solicitude, and then licked her mate, as a cat licks her kittens, to soothe him, purring softly the while.

But perhaps the most extraordinary part of the affair was the sequel. A week later Professor Haughton was again at the zoo to see how his patient was going on. When the animal espied him, he began to pur like a cat, allowed him to examine his paw and seemed pleased that he should do so. Indeed for years afterward the tiger and tigress showed themselves most friendly and grateful to Professor Haughton.

Pocahontas of Early Louisiana.

The Pocahontas of the early days of the colony of Louisiana, at least so far as devotion to the French was concerned, was Bras-Pique (Tattooed Arm), the mother of the Great Sun or chief ruler of the Natchez nation at the time of the massacre of the French by the Natchez on the 27th of November, 1729. She suspected the great conspiracy that was on foot among the Natchez to destroy the French, and, being a faithful friend of the latter, induced by repeated solicitations her son, who was only 17 years old, to confess to her that he had sent messengers to all the Indian nations throughout Louisiana, each message bearing a bundle of sticks, and each bundle containing exactly as many sticks as the others. The instructions given to the other Indian nations were to begin burning a stick on a certain day, and when the last stick should be consumed to fall on the French in their vicinity and slay them.

Bras-Pique had the details of the plot communicated to Chepart, the commandant of the post, but finding that he treated the warnings with contempt, with the view of saving the majority of the French in Louisiana by dislocating the plan of the conspiracy, she entered the temple of Natchez, where the "sacred fire" was perpetually maintained, and threw several sticks from the bundle which had been deposited in the temple on the fire, and thus disarranged the Natchez part of the conspiracy. When the last stick of the Natchez was burned, the massacre of nearly all the French in the Natchez country followed, but as the tragic event had been precipitated by the stratagem of the devoted Bras-Pique, Perrier, who at that time was governor of the colony, was enabled to take measures to save the French elsewhere in the colony.—New Orleans Picayune.

FAIRIES OF THE FOG.

SCOTCH PIPERS AND DANCERS IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

They Appear Only on Dreary Days, When They Have a Monopoly of Sidewalk Entertaining, and Usually Manage to Bag All the Pennies Within Reach.

Out of the thick fog that hangs over the square comes the Scottish piper, and with him the Scottish dancer, both clad in full Scottish regalia. Not since our last foggy day had I seen them. So far as I know they never appear in clear weather. Their friend and ally, the fog, drives away the thunderous piano organs which curse London, leaving to them a clear field. They come out of it playing merrily; they disappear into it playing merrily, but not until they have tarried long enough to charm away our pennies.

Unbearable as the bagpipe music is to any save the ears of the faithful, it has an indescribable charm in a London fog or in a Scotch mist. It rouses you out of the dull, sticky phlegm that the soot laden fog imposes on you. It brings you to the window of your apartment to wait impatiently until the gay, swaggering figures appear from behind the yellow curtains like living pictures at a music hall.

The dancer carries two rusty swords, the only thing about him that is not bright and fresh. He lays them down on the pavement. Meanwhile the piper marches on straight ahead, swaggering and blowing, as if he were piper to the whole Scottish people. So forcefully does he march that we fear he is going to pass us by for the wealthy householders in the next street.

Then suddenly he performs a half circle, still playing and now marching with finicky steps, which show off his great white spats strikingly in the dim light. At that instant the dancer looks up at the windows, bows and smiles and craves our wealth. If we are conscious of a preconcerted theatrical movement on the part of our canny, kilted friends, it only re-enforces our admiration, and jingle, jingle, jingle, go our pennies—Americans' Frenchmen's, Englishmen's, landladies', servants' pennies! A harvest of pennies, reaped by canny fingers and put in an extensive granary somewhere in the most picturesque of all national garbs. Still the fingers go up to the feathered cap for a few more pennies; still the piper plays for a few more pennies—which are forthcoming. It is kept up until the people in the windows set their faces hard against any further payment until goods are delivered.

Then the player takes up his position on the sidewalk opposite the side of the street which has contributed most liberally, and the dancer gives us—well, what do you suppose he gives? Not a highland fling, of course. No Scot in a kilt would be guilty of that any more than a Scot in a kilt would mention Bobby Burns at the banquet of a Scottish society.

But nowhere else is the highland fling and the bagpipe quite so attractive as on a London pavement when the fog is thick and one must work by lamplight at midday. The gayly clad piper who summons the greatest of Scottish bards and his guests to dinner, and after they are seated marches solemnly around the table splitting the ears of these same guests, has not one-half the poetry of the piper of the fog. I have heard tell how the finest of Scottish dancers dance around fires in the open to amuse the queen when she is at Balmoral. She is welcome to them. Though the piper be a royal gamekeeper and the dancer a royal gillie, I rest content with my Scots who march out of the fog and back into it after they have emptied my pockets of pennies.

Another collection is taken before we may enjoy the sword dance, which is quite the perfection of the dancing art as the Scotch know it. If that does not get the last of your pennies, the farewell collection will. All pennies, all collections, disappear somewhere in that dancer's kilt, though that dancer's kilt grows no larger. How he carries them—an English penny is as large as a silver dollar—is a question, for after a few collections the brawniest of hairy legged highlanders could not dance under the weight of his wealth. But I have seen the dancer now and then take a handful of something out of his kilt and put it in a pouch under the piper's pipe. Often not a penny is left in the block. After the messenger boy, who, being in a hurry, has reclined on a stoop for a little rest and recreation, has parted with his last ha'pence the dancer picks up his rusty swords, the piper strikes up a tune and they march away into the fog. In one foggy day they must earn enough to keep them in Scotch "whusky" until another foggy day comes. If it is possible for such a wicked thing as a London fog to have fairies, the piper and the dancer are they.—London Cor. New York Press.

Buttons.

Nearly all the elegant buttons are now shown in three distinct sizes designed for one costume. Many of the smaller buttons are veritable jewels in their artistic beauty of color and design, and they are set exactly like actual gems on low mountings of whitened silver or pure gold or pearl. Jet, plomb colored enamel, and bronze buttons set in riveted points are all familiar styles. Some of the handsome jet and iridescent cord passementeries have buttons to match which are not intended to have any strain upon them, but are merely used as decorations all over the cloth or other costume.

The writer who has time to explain everything has not much time to write. The reader who is too indolent or indifferent to look up references ought not to read.—Vandam.

Nails are now made by machinery, ribbons or long slips of iron or steel being fed to machines, which cut out the nails complete at one stroke

LIFE IN THE DESERT.

The Arabs Are Abstemious and Enjoy the Luxury of Silence.

"In the Desert With the Bedouin" is the title of an article in The Century, written and illustrated by the English artist, R. Talbot Kelly. Mr. Kelly says in his article: Desert life induces habits of abstemiousness. Rising with the sun, a dish of cumis, or mare's milk, and a small cup of black coffee are the only refreshments generally partaken of. The day is spent following one's pursuits, and, with the exception of an occasional cup of coffee and some very light "snack," one has no meal of any kind till after sundown. One quickly becomes accustomed to long fasting and abstinence from any form of drink, and the simple dinner at night is more keenly enjoyed in consequence. Though plain, the food is excellently cooked, and usually consists of a huge tray of rice, over which is poured a dish of semna, or liquid butter. Round the tray are pigeons stuffed with nuts and spices, and the pyramid of rice is surmounted by a lamb or kid, frequently cooked whole. Boiled beans, and perhaps a few fresh herbs, appear occasionally, which, with the usual flat loaves and a large dish of rizbil-laban, or boiled rice pudding, complete the meal. Salt is seldom seen—a distinct privation—except on the first day of your visit, and drinking water is often scarce. After dinner a huge fire of corncobs, or sticks and camel dung, is lighted in the tent, about which we gather and enjoy the after dinner cup of coffee and a smoke, and, should we be in the mood, talk.

The Arabs have one excellent point of etiquette. Talk for talk's sake is not expected. Ever ready for a yarn, they eagerly respond should you wish to converse, but the luxury of silence is not denied if one's mood be thoughtful.

The idea of a fire in one's tent may strike some of my readers as a superfluity, but the nights are often intensely cold, and after bathing in the sun all day, with the thermometer at 95 to 100 degrees in the shade, the sudden fall of temperature to little above freezing point is very trying, and, in spite of fire, blankets and a thick ulster, I have frequently been obliged to go outside and run about in order to restore circulation to my half frozen extremities.

ROBBED BEN FRANKLIN.

His Description of the Stolen Garments and the Man Who Took Them.

The following advertisement is taken from the Pennsylvania Gazette, No. 532, wherein the reader of Feb. 22, 1738, was informed that The Gazette contained the "Freshest advices, Foreign and Domestick. Printed by B. Franklin, Post Master, at the news printing offices near the Market. Price, 10s. a year. Where advertisements are taken in, and Book Binding is done reasonably, in the best manner:"

STOLEN on the 15th Instant, by one William Lloyd, out of the house of Benj. Franklin, an half worn Sagathee coat lin'd with silk, four fine homespun shirts, a fine Holland shirt ruffled at the Hands and Bosom, a pair of black broadcloth Breeches, new seated and lined with leather, two pair of good worsted stockings, one of a dark color, cambrick Handkerchief, marked with an F in red silk, a new pair of Calf skin shoes, a Boy's new Castor Hat, and sundry other things.

N. B. The said Lloyd pretends to understand Latin and Greek, and has been a schoolmaster; He is an Irishman, about 30 years of age, tall and slim: Had on a lightish colour'd Great Coat, red jacket, a pair of black silk breeches, an old felt Hat too little for him, and sewed on the side of the crown with white Thread, and an old dark colour'd wig; but may perhaps wear some of the stolen closthes above mentioned. Whoever secures the said Thief so that he may be brought to Justice, shall have Thirty Shillings reward and reasonable charges paid by B. FRANKLIN.

Pennsylvania Fox Hunting.

While there is a general impression that Americans do not go in for fox hunting as do the Englishmen, it is by all odds the most popular winter sport in Pennsylvania. There are, in the southeastern counties, as fine packs of hounds as can be shown in England, though fewer in number, and some horses that hold their own against the best of English importations over as "stiff" a country as that hunted by the famous Quorn pack, of which the Earl of Lonsdale is master. At a recent run 150 couples of hounds were out and about 200 riders. Just now there is consternation among owners of the Pennsylvania hounds because of an outbreak of rabies in the Strafford Hunt kennels, which has necessitated the killing of the entire pack of 25, many of them dogs imported from noted English packs. A rabid cur bit one of the hounds a few weeks ago, and this dog, after a recent run, attacked other occupants of the kennels. So all were killed as a matter of safety. There is fear that other hounds in other packs have been bitten, and that an outbreak of hydrophobia throughout the hunting district may follow. All possible precautions to prevent this disaster have been taken, and hounds which have been exposed are to be isolated for a time.—New York Times.

Systems That Made Great Men.

Doubtless the early Calvinist was pretty austere in his life. Doubtless the Puritan sometimes looked as if all vivacity were washed out of his face. I confess that his Sabbath was a trifle too grim. But the age in which he appeared and the work he was commissioned of God to do demanded such stern preparation and living. But what men that system did produce—men of heroic mold, men of the martyr spirit, genuine men! You could trust them, you could lean hard against them. They were great fearers of God, but had precious little fear of man or the devil.—Christian Intelligencer.

Paralyzed Him.

"Marriage," said the young passenger, "marriage always steadies a man. In fact, he seems to have more control over himself."

And the weary looking man with the armful of bundles could only say to himself: "Control of himself! Great Scott!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

OSTRICH HUNTING.

Profitable Sport That Is Making the African Birds Scarce.

An ostrich chase is very attractive sport, or rather the sale of booty is so great as to attract hunters. The Arabs give themselves to it with a real passion. Mounted on their fine little horses, they try as much as possible to fatigue the ostrich, for as it is 8 feet high and has very strong legs it possesses a quickness of movement which the best horse cannot attain. It has great endurance. Overtaken by the hunter, it seeks to defend itself with its feet and wings, but more often it still strives to escape by night, uttering a plaintive cry. In fact, the ostrich is deprived of the power of flight by reason of its great size. The muscular force with which nature has endowed it is not equal to lifting such a weight. Its peculiar organization has made it the courier of the desert, where it is able to quickly traverse the almost limitless expanse.

The Arab knows very well that it is the habit of the ostrich to make great detours about its nest in a circle. He chases it, then, without ceasing until it is almost there, when, worn out, it succumbs, concealing its head in the sand in order not to see its enemy, or instinctively hoping to escape a danger which it cannot see any more. This chase requires eight or ten hours, but it offers large rewards. The plumes are worth a considerable sum, the skin makes good leather, and the Arabs are very fond of the flesh. Besides, in spite of the fact that it reproduces its species rapidly, the ostrich is all the time becoming rarer, and it is hunted for export and domestication in other countries. It is one of Africa's great resources and may become a new source of prosperity to Algerians if they are willing to make the effort. The point of the popular saying, "the stomach of an ostrich," has been confirmed recently by an autopsy on one, doubtless for a time captive, when the following was found in its stomach: A parasol handle, two keys, two great pieces of coal, a glove, a handkerchief, a pair of eyeglasses, a ring, a comb, three large rocks, the necks of two beer bottles, the sole of a shoe, a bell and a little harmonicon.—Paris Illustre.

THE INNUIT RACE.

A Peculiar People Who Live on the Coast Line of Alaska Territory.

The Innuit race of people, commonly and also corruptly called Eskimos, occupy almost the entire coast line of Alaska, with the numerous outlying islands from the boundary line westward along the arctic coast to Bering strait; thence southward to the Alaskan peninsula, over the peninsula and the Aleutian islands, and eastward and southward along the coast to Mount St. Elias, with the exception of a comparatively small territory at Cook's inlet, and also at the mouth of Copper river, at which points the Tinneh tribe of Indians from the interior have forced their way to the coast. Living constantly on or near the sea, they from infancy have not the slightest fear of the dangers of the deep, and at an early age become bold navigators and skilled fishermen and sea hunters.

The word "innuit" in their native tongue signifies people, and as such is used by them to designate those of their own race as our people. "Eskimo" is a word of reproach and has been given them by their neighbors, the term meaning "raw fish eaters." The Innuits of Alaska are physically much superior to those inhabiting the eastern side of the continent, in Greenland and Labrador. They are all of the same race and speak a common language through each locality, and often each village from the Atlantic to the Pacific will possess a dialect distinctively its own. Those of our territory are tall and muscular, not a few of them being 6 feet in height. They have small, black eyes, high cheek bones, large mouths, thick lips, coarse brown hair and fresh, yellow complexions. In many instances men will be seen with a full beard and mustache, and in some particular families their manly beauty is further enhanced by wearing a labret below each corner of the mouth in a hole cut through the lower lip for the purpose. They are a good natured people, always smiling when spoken to, and are fond of dancing, running, jumping and all athletic sports.—Alaska News.

Robber Gulls of the Pacific.

"Out on the Pacific coast a great deal of amusement is furnished to people of an observant disposition," said L. C. Gardner of Grays Harbor, Wash., "by a walk along the seashore. For instance, there is the robber gull, one of the most graceful of birds, which always follows the pelican. The latter is an expert at catching fish, which it sees from a great height, diving with the swiftness of a bullet and seldom missing its prey. But after getting the fish in its huge beak with the pendent sack it is unable to handle it readily and always throws it in the air, catching it in its pouch, which answers the same purpose as a soldier's haversack. That is the gull's opportunity. The instant the fish leaves the beak of the big bird the robber swoops down with the swiftness of the wind, and before the fish reaches the distended jaws of the pelican it is snapped up, and the pelican is left far behind, looking foolish. Pursuit is useless, for the pelican is a heavy flier, while the gull is one of the swiftest of the feathered race."—Denver Republican.

Didn't Know It.

"What do you think of those autograph hunters, Noah?" asked Johnson.

"Autograph hunters? What are they?" replied Noah.

"Why, people who hunt autographs, of course," explained Johnson.

"I really don't know enough about 'em to say," said Noah. "Fact is, I don't believe I ever even saw an autograph. We didn't have any in the ark, I know. What kind of a looking beast is it?"—Harper's Bazar

GATHERING RUBBER.

A Woman Missionary Tells How the African Natives Collect It.

In the months of March and April during the rainy season one sees busy life in the native towns of the French Kongo. The men are preparing to go to the bush to cut rubber. Every woman and child seems to have something to do, and even the men do not lounge about as usual, but are sharpening their knives and machetes and putting their guns into proper trim. The women are digging cassava, and some of them are washing it and preparing chiguanga or native bread. Others are cleaning the cassava with knives and tying it into mattets made from palm leaves. This kind of cassava is roasted over the fire and eaten warm, while the bread is eaten cold and is mostly used on the road. The men carry their guns so they may kill the game which abounds in the forest.

When all is ready, a drunken carousal and dance are given the night before the start by way of saying farewell to the villagers left at home. Sometimes a good place with plenty of rubber plants is found after a march of two or three days, but oftener the journey takes a week or more. In this case the men keep carriers on the road with food for them, because there is nothing to be had in these parts with the exception of game.

The rubber in central Africa is not a tree, but a vine, often three or four inches in diameter. This vine generally climbs up the tallest trees, and the natives often use one of the vines to ascend the tree. After the branches are reached, which in most cases are at least 50 feet from the ground, the men proceed to cut the vines away at the top, leaving only one for their descent, and this one, if possible, not a rubber vine. It seems strange that the natives cut away the rubber plants and so destroy them instead of tapping them, but they are too lazy to learn any other way.

After the vines have fallen they are cut into lengths of three or four feet, and the juice is collected into iron pots. This is a tedious job. The piece of the vine is held over the pot, first by one end, then by the other, until the juice ceases running. Then the piece is cut again to get at any juice which may have been left in the middle. After a pot is nearly full a rest is taken, and this juice is boiled for nearly two hours, and during the boiling process is mixed with the juice of other vines and some lime juice, so that the mixture is more sticky and easier formed into balls.

As soon as it cools down sufficiently to be handled the hardening rubber is shaped by winding it at first around a stick. After a bit the stick is pulled out, and the ball is rewound to finish it off. In some places these balls weigh three pounds or more each; in others five of them make a pound. The purity of the rubber depends much upon how much other juice has been added. The best and purest is that obtained from the juice without boiling. This only found in the shape of bracelets, because the natives wind the juice as it runs out around their wrists and let it dry there. When perfectly dry, it slips off easier. This would be transparent rubber if the skin and fingers of the natives were not so very dirty.

The natives often used to put foreign substances, such as small stones, palm nuts and little balls of grass, into the rubber ball to make it heavy. They were soon found out, and every ball is now cut through the center to reveal its mixture. Often the rubber is buried for some days because it draws the moisture from the ground, which adds to the weight. Cheating is resorted to because the pay is so poor. It takes a party of eight or ten men and boys six to eight weeks to gather from 60 to 100 pounds of rubber. The value of this, if all is first class, is from 200 to 250 yards of cotton cloth or 40 gallons of rum or 3 or 4 flintlock guns. Surely this is poor pay for this kind of work.

Still the natives rejoice greatly if the men from one town return with 100 pounds. It seems like a fortune to them, because they need so little that civilized people crave and pay for. When this little fortune is spent and the weather permits, another trip is undertaken to the rubber region.—New York Sun.

Three Silent Sisters.

There is in Tennessee a family of three sisters which presents some of the most startling peculiarities imaginable. The three sisters, all of whom are old maids, live together on a farm—their sole means of subsistence—and work early and late to earn a livelihood. Two of them work in the field, while the third does all the cooking and other housework. There is but one period of the year when any member of the trio has anything to say to any other member. All during the winter, spring and summer they go about their business with the seal of silence on their lips. When autumn comes and the crop is harvested, they break the silence, and then only to quarrel like demons over a division of the proceeds. When each has succeeded in getting all that she thinks possible, silence reigns again until the next harvest time. The sisters have made a name for themselves. They are known far and near as the deaf and dumb triplets, although this title is scarcely appropriate.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

No Life on the Moon.

While it is not possible to know anything positive concerning the question whether the moon is or is not inhabited astronomers have long since agreed that the probabilities are favorable to the supposition that there is neither animal nor vegetable life existing on the surface of fair Luna. The very strongest presumption against the existence of such life is found in the fact that the moon, as far as we are able to learn by the use of the most approved types of astronomical instruments, is wholly devoid of either atmosphere or water.—St. Louis Republic.

Society Directory

ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 3610 Jackson av., Chicago, Ill.
State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh st.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 West Erie st.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.
Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 88 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

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Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, J. Barry, 250 Fifth av.
Financial Secretary, William Territt, 387 South May st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p.m.

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Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spallon, 2826 Calumet av.
Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.
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Division 3.

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Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 West North av.
Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 765 Dickson st.
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Division 4.

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Vice-President, Patrick Farrell.
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Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.
Treasurer, Robert Dore.
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Financial Sec'y, J. F. Ryan, 722 Dexter av.
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Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth st.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month [illegible]

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Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.
Treasurer, M. J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Anchor hall, Grand av. and Paulina st., at 8 p.m.

Division 12.

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Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4226 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Douglas hall, Thirty-fifth st. and Indiana av., at 8 p.m.

Division 14.

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Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 5435 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
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Vice-President, P. Hughes.
Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 311 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1435 W. Forty-seventh st.
Treasurer, William O'Shea.
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Division 19.

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Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kinlry, 3758 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
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Vice-President, Barney Leonaard.
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Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
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Division 22.

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Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

Division 23.

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Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 822 W. Forty-eighth st.
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Division 26.

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Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 3d Saturday each month in Schell hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

Division 27.

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Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodsick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

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Financial Secretary, E. A. Creighton, 1259 W. VanBuren st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1252 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, Miss Sara Kain.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
Sentinel, Miss Mamie Kelleher.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Maggie Mulcahy.
Meets the Second and Fourth Sunday each month in St. Patrick's hall, Lemont, at 3 p.m.

All Societies who have not sent in the names of their newly-elect officers will please do so as soon as possible in order to complete the roster.

A FLOOD REMINISCENCE.

How a Young English Engineer Saved Lowell From Destruction.

The city of Lowell was saved from destruction in 1852 by the foresight of one young man. About 1835 a Lowell antiquarian named Uriah A. Boyden devoted much attention to investigating a tradition of a great flood in the Merrimac in 1785 and found an old man who remembered that his father marked the height of the water by driving a spike in an apple tree. Mr. Boyden persevered in his search until he found the tree in Tyngsboro, several miles above Lowell. Its trunk was hollow, and entering it from below he discovered the spike, its head wholly concealed by the bark, at a considerable distance above the ground. It showed that in 1785 the water had risen to a point 13½ feet higher than the top of the dam at the mouth of the canal, which furnished the Lowell water power in 1835.

The engineer in charge of this power was James B. Francis, a young Englishman, who urged the directors of the corporation to provide against the recurrence of such a rise of water. His arguments prevailed, and he was allowed to construct two immense wing walls of masonry, diverging from the canal lock and inclosing the entire country between the canal and the river. Over the waterway he hung an immensely strong gate, weighing 20 tons, which was suspended by a wrought iron chain. A sledge and a cold chisel were placed in the care of the watchman for use when needed. The work was finished in 1850, and for two years was laughed at as "Francis' folly."

On the morning of April 22, 1852, the waters rose so high that the city of Lowell was threatened [illegible] and the young engineer was sent for. He rode to the dam without a saddle and hurriedly cut the chain, releasing the great gate. His work stood bravely, and the Boston Advertiser, five days later, said that if it had not been constructed "every vestige of the old guard gates would have been carried away and a mighty and uncontrollable river would have swept through the heart of Lowell, destroying everything in its course." A service of plate was presented to Mr. Francis, and during the remainder of his life, which ended only recently, he was one of Lowell's most honored citizens. For more than 40 years he was agent of the corporation controlling the water power.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Most Wonderful Bodily Organ.

There is nothing in the human or animal make up that is as wonderful, from every point of view, as the queer little organ called the heart. Its prodigious energy and the amount of work it performs hourly, daily, monthly or yearly are equaled by no known source of power, weight and size considered. Some conception of the enormous energy of this queer little bodily organ may be formed by making comparisons. A trained mountain climber, for an instance, can only ascend 9,000 feet in nine hours. In other words, such a person working continuously for a considerable length of time can only raise his own weight 1,000 feet per hour, while the work done by the heart is equivalent to raising its own weight (10 ounces) 13,800 feet every hour.

A still more striking illustration of the great power of this wonderful little organ may be found by comparing it with the most powerful locomotive ever made by man—the Bavarian locomotive of the Vienna and Triest railway—which can only raise its own weight 2,700 feet an hour. This calculation plainly shows that the power of that greatest of human mechanical contrivances—weight and size considered—is less than one-fifth that of the heart.

Of course the actual work done by both engine and climber is much greater in amount than that done by the heart, but, when the relative size and weight are taken into consideration the energy displayed by the heart far exceeds either of the other two.—St. Louis Republic.

This Peculiar World.

This is a peculiar world, says an exchange. One is struggling for justice, and another is fleeing from it. One man is saving to build a house, and another is trying to sell his for less than cost to get rid of it. One man is spending all the money he can make in taking a girl to the theater and sending her flowers, with the hope of making her his wife, while his neighbor is spending what gold he has in getting a divorce. One man escapes all the diseases that flesh is heir to and gets killed on the railroad. Another escapes with a scratch and dies with the whooping cough. One man stands off his creditors and goes traveling, while another pays his debts and stays at home.

1778. 1897.

IN HONOR OF EMMET.

The 119th Anniversary of the Birth of the Illustrious Robert Emmet, Ireland's Noble Young Patriot-Martyr, Will Be Celebrated at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, 1897.

PROGRAMME:

1. Organ Overture.....Prof. Purcell
2. Opening Address by the Chairman of the Evening.....Hon. M. V. Gannon
3. Song.....Miss Delia O'Malley
4. Song.....Mr. J. P. McGrath
5. Recitation.....Miss Fannie Graham
6. Recitation.....Rev. J. M. Scanlan
7. Reading Address of Irish Nationalists.....Hon. Walter J. Gibbons
8. Song.....Miss Edna Crawford
9. Address by the Speaker of the Evening, "Emmet and His Times."...John F. Finerty
10. Song.....Mr. John J. Phelan
11. Recitation.....Miss Maria Casey
12. Closing Ode......"God Save Ireland"

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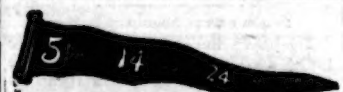

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